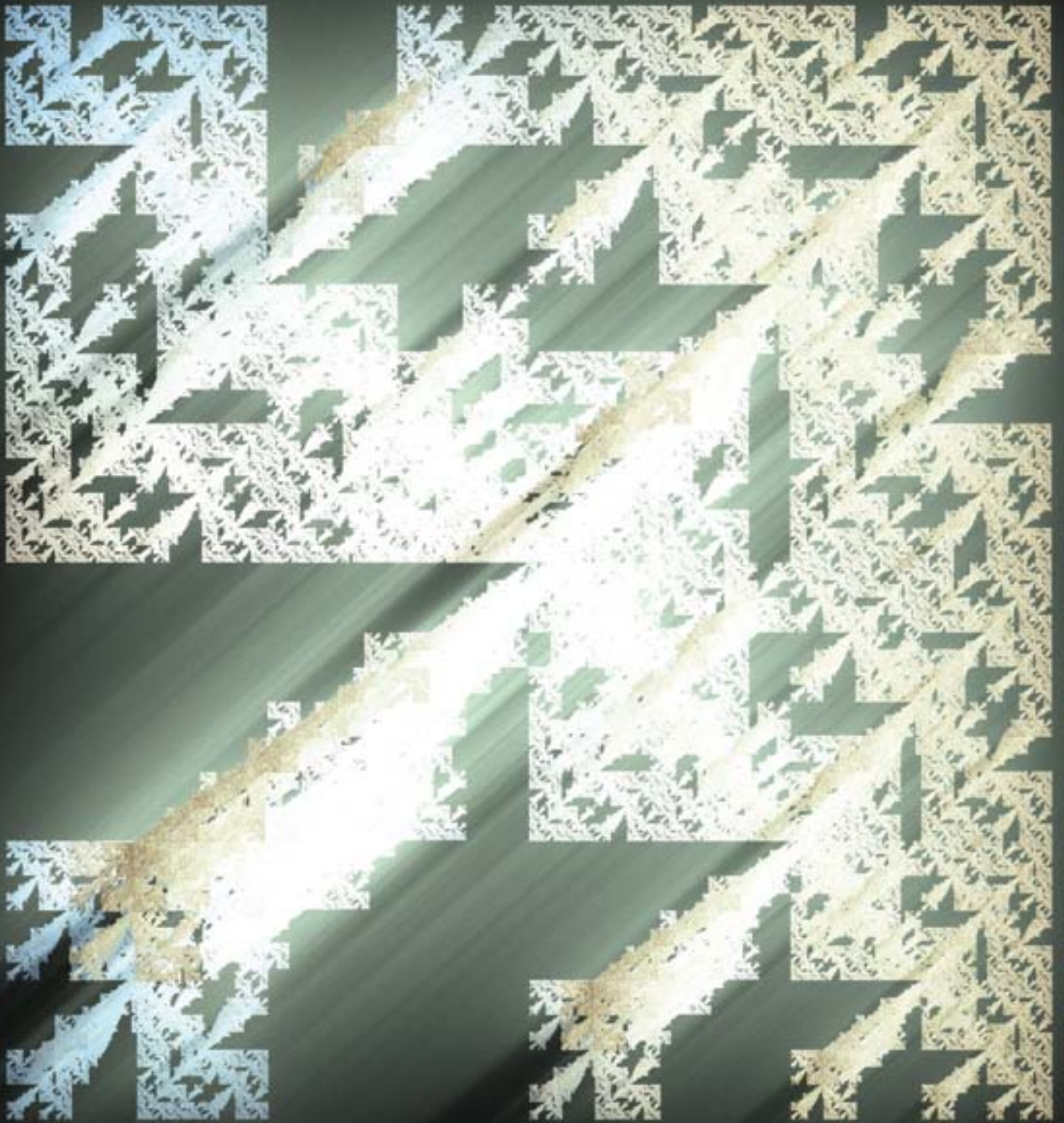




NOW THEN.

CHRIS GODLEY. CATHEDRAL ARCHER PROJECT. RICHARD H KIRK.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 45. FREE.

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We aim to cultivate choice, voice and responsibility by providing a platform for independent art, trade, music, writing and local news. We support Sheffield's economy by only working with independent traders, community groups, charities and local government.

Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

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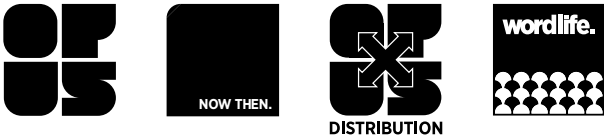
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Enjoy the read.



EDITORIAL.

Thank you to everyone who has supported us over the last year – readers, writers, advertisers, local businesses, artists, musicians, promoters. It means a great deal that we are still going strong after three and a half years, and that is as much a testament to you as it is to our own blood and sweat. Here's to the next three and a half.

That time again. You might even be reading this while eating your freakishly large turkey. But if the big day is still on the horizon, consider buying presents and provisions from local independent businesses. Christmas is all about family and friends, and what better way to show them you care than buying unique presents and tasty local products. Try roasting a pigeon (more on that in our Food section). Consider the impact of your purchases and don't buy more than you need. I challenge you not to watch rubbish Christmas TV.

Above all, enjoy yourself and the company of others. See you next year.

SAM.

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DEAR SHEFFIELDERS, WE ARE OCCUPY SHEFFIELD AND WOULD LIKE YOU TO BE TOO. LIKE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AROUND THE GLOBE WE BELIEVE THAT SOCIETAL CHANGE IS NECESSARY AND THAT THE PERPETUAL STATE OF INEQUALITY BETWEEN HUMAN BEINGS NEEDS TO END. WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT. WE NEED YOUR TIME AND YOUR SKILLS. WE NEED YOU TO COME AND SAY HELLO AND SHARE YOUR CONCERNS WITH US. WE NEED YOU TO OCCUPY AND BY DOING SO REPRESENT, DEFEND AND ULTIMATELY HELP THOSE WHO ARE LESS FORTUNATE THAN YOURSELVES. WILL YOU JOIN US?

We are here for the following reasons. 1. The current system is unsustainable. It is undemocratic and unjust. We need alternatives; this is where we work towards them. 2. We refuse to pay for the banks' crisis. 3. We do not accept the cuts as either necessary or inevitable. We demand an end to global tax injustice and our democracy representing corporations instead of the people. 4. We want regulators to be genuinely independent of the industries they regulate. 5. We support the strike on the 30th November and the student action on the 9th November, and actions to defend our health services, welfare, education and employment and to stop wars and arms dealing. 6. We want structural change towards authentic global equality. The world's resources must go towards caring for people and the planet, not the military, corporate profits or the rich. 7. We stand in solidarity with the global oppressed and we call for an end to the actions of our government and others in causing this oppression.

WWW.OCCUPYSHEFFIELD.ORG

LOCALCHECK.

OCCUPY SHEFFIELD.

HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

A good friend of mine pointed out that life is like a game of Monopoly. Very soon after you get into it you realise that someone's got the upper hand, got all their hotels on Mayfair, and they're totally set to win.

In 2011 the Occupy movement began to object to the rules of the particular game called capitalism, and started to set up tents all over the board. There were occupations in 1,000 cities by bonfire night when Sheffield's turn arrived, and we've seen how things have played out since then.

Peace News said the Occupy movement was 'taking the world by storm'. In contrast it was interesting how, right from the start, the mainstream local press chose to focus on 'warnings' and 'worries' about the camp, subtly framing the debate as one which might lead to trouble. They gave much less weight to the many supportive messages like one from Sheffield's Green Party, dismissed in one sentence by The Star as 'admitting the movement is unclear about what it is demanding as an alternative'. This was a real misrepresentation of the Green Party statement, which is shown on the Occupy website. It says they 'understandably have not reached a polished consensus for their demands'. What The Star failed to explain is that a new form of participatory democracy called consensus decision making is being used in these camps. This isn't just voting and going with the majority, it's far more complex and powerful than that. With the wide range of views and speakers who want to be heard, it goes beyond mere decision making. It becomes a learning process; and when a decision is arrived at, it is solid, unanimous. It is an action about to happen.

This is self-organisation, and in Sheffield it worked well from the start, with co-operation all round. Quite soon there was a reception and information point, kitchen, library, shift systems to share work, 'camp ambassadors' and 'night tranquillity patrols'. Artists, musicians, poets and speakers began to pack the agenda between the twice daily general assemblies where everyone had their say.

A wide range of people entering the Occupy camps arrive alone without knowing anyone there, perhaps involved for the first time in a protest. The excitement of this is that it's not just 'the usual suspects'. Sure, you can expect the TV cameras, with their own form of cultural racism, to focus on the dreadlocks and mohicans, but in fact there are loads of 'ordinary' mums and dads, grandparents, and young people who don't choose to dress to impress. As well as 'non-political' people there are many who kept to values of community ownership, even when the Labour Party became embarrassed to use the word socialist. And there are anarchists, who like the idea of a 'process' rather than a 'programme'. Altogether they are saying they don't want to play this game anymore. Not simply changing the rules, but ripping up the whole board. As one Sheffield camper, Fred said, there's a huge mixture of different people and views working together in a 'free place of association' - a real forum in the democratic tradition where everyone can listen and speak.

Naturally there are critics who think life's getting better because they have more toys, but for how long? What's the meaning of 'growth' when our jobs disappear, and our homes and health service become unaffordable? The banker's hoarding all the money, not just in Mayfair, he's got our railway stations, utilities, the lot. Even the prisons are privatised.

It really doesn't matter that this is a protest 'against' rather than 'for'. It's OK for a protest to be just that - a howl of protest. Surrounded by Sheffield branches of multinational banks, and the Cutlers' Hall representing big, bullying, polluting industry, people can say what they don't like. It doesn't always matter that we haven't yet got an alternative lined up, no single demand to be granted or rejected, no 'programme' for everyone to get behind, because it would be suspicious if one was offered. That's the whole point, society is a big, complex system, and the big, complex wisdom of crowds is needed to work towards agreeable ways forward. How could we know what everyone wants? Everyone hasn't had chance to say, until now.

Suddenly it's OK to use the word capitalism as a criticism. To point to poverty, and blame what writer and activist Starhawk calls 'the demons of greed'. In a memorable slogan from the London occupation, quoted by a protester called Dave on the Sheffield Telegraph website: 'I'm not anti-capitalist ... capitalism is anti-us'. The media just haven't caught up, they are still using 'anti-capitalist' as a shock label for people who don't fit in with society. There are alternatives to capitalism as we know it. It's not the only game in town. Ask the people with no hotels on Mayfair. They want fair play, and I have a strong feeling that we are entering the endgame, at least for big corporate, war-dealing, survival-of-the-fittest capitalism. We the people want a kinder, safer, more equal life, without threats like economic collapse, nuclear war, killer climate change, starvation. Are we dreamers? Can 99% of the population be dreaming? Maybe, but it looks as though we've just woken up.

occupysheffield.org.uk
sheffield.indymedia.org.uk/2011/11/488057.html
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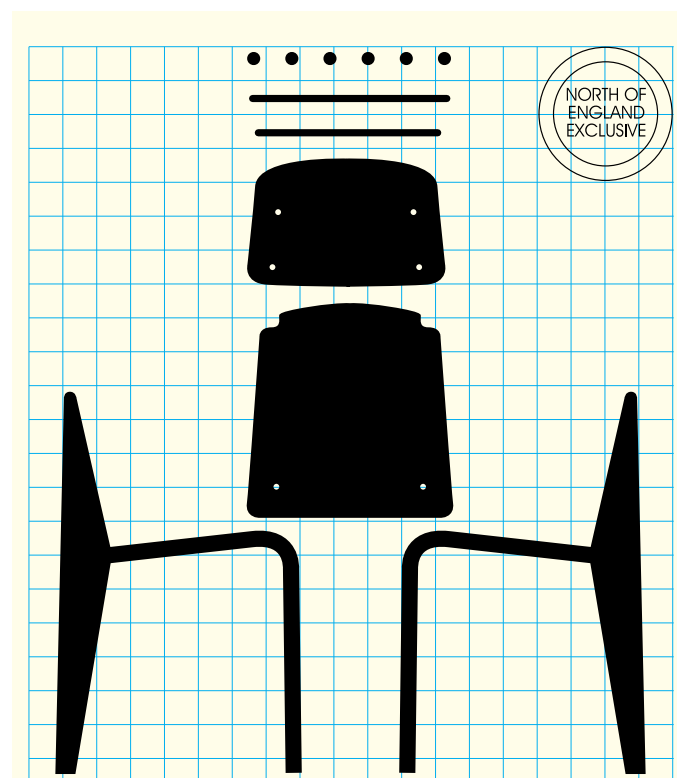
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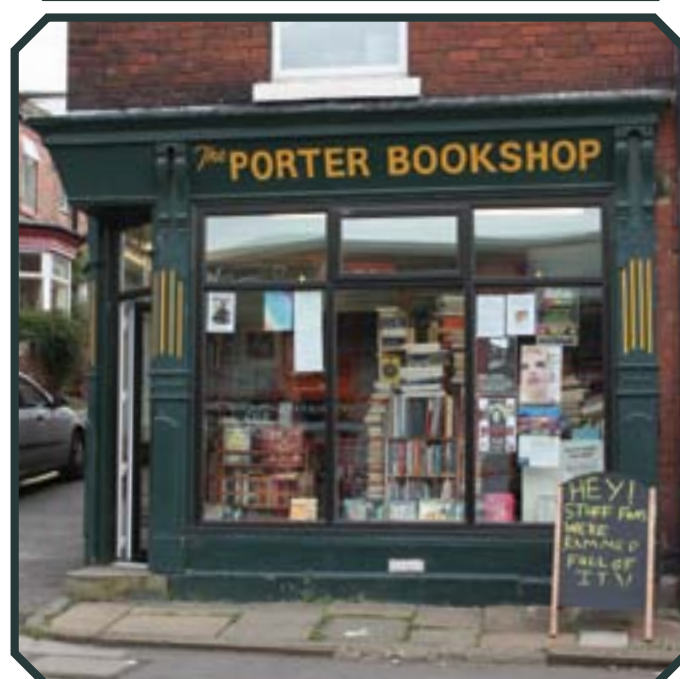
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WELLBEING.
NEVER MIND THE ECONOMY.
JASON LEMAN.

There has been a lot of fuss about the economy lately, you might have noticed. There's fuss about how we are all in debt to each other to the tune of billions. For example, I'm in debt to the corner shop for about 2 trillion Euros, which is around 37p in old money. Our economy is in retreat. Soon we'll all have to go back to eating spam and eggs, and the new NHS will be some bloke with a sponge and a plaster on Fargate.

But people have been questioning whether forever developing our economy should be the idea. After all, we have one of the biggest economies on the planet. This has raised the living standards of everybody in the past fifty years, but it's not made us any happier. Once we're sorted for food, warmth, and a roof over our heads, any more is a bonus we haven't evolved to cope with. The first chocolate bar might make you feel good, but shoving nineteen more into your gob doesn't make you happier, just an addict; so it is with fancy foods, bigger TVs, smarter cars and other shiny things that attract our magpie eyes.

So what actually makes us happy? To find out, I asked* the people who have done the research:

Connect – Make friends. Don't sit in your bedcave playing Zombie Battle Penguins (c). Come into the light. Where the people are. We are nice, and we like you. We will make you happy. If you develop a long-term relationship you will be very happy. If you already tried this and the person in question was a manipulative, life-sucking bastard, then sorry about that. The next bastard will be the one.

Be Active – Jump around. Jump up and get down. Our ancestors walked the globe, hunted, picked berries, danced and sang. I am physically chained to a desk at Now Then HQ for the daylight hours, eyes stuck to a flickering screen, but when the janitors come with their keys and flaming torches, my screaming run into the night makes me feel alive once again.

Take Notice – The world is beautiful and you are beautiful. Feel your breathing. Be mindful of the moment and your time spent with friends. Be curious. Look at the sky, the birds, the clouds. Look, that one is shaped like a baby hedgehog. Think about your place in the universe. Look out for that car. Oh dear. Never mind. Think about how your atoms will merge with the wonder of it all.

Keep Learning – Your mind is an open book. Keep writing on it with interests and hobbies. Play the ukulele to the TV, paint a picture on the bus, juggle in the bath, dance in the dole queue. It's not about doing your job better; it's about being you better.

Give – Your time, your smile, your cash, and see the impact it has on the wider community. Share your happiness and have it reflected back at you. If happiness is not reflected back at you, scream and punch them all in the face (the "I'm such a clever academic la la la" stuff didn't say this, but this is real life, y'know).

So there you have it. The next time the Government knocks on your door asking what they can do, tell them they could make it easier to do the sort of stuff that makes you happy – making it easier to connect by strengthening communities, helping people see beyond wealth as a measure of life, valuing mindfulness and learning at all ages. The side effect is that we would need to consume much less and so have much less impact on the planet. We would be happier with less, and happier to share what we have. Never mind the economy – that would be real development.

*alright, I looked on the internet:
neweconomics.org/projects/five-ways-well-being
happyplanetindex.org
ted.com/talks/dan_gilbert_asks_why_are_we_happy.html



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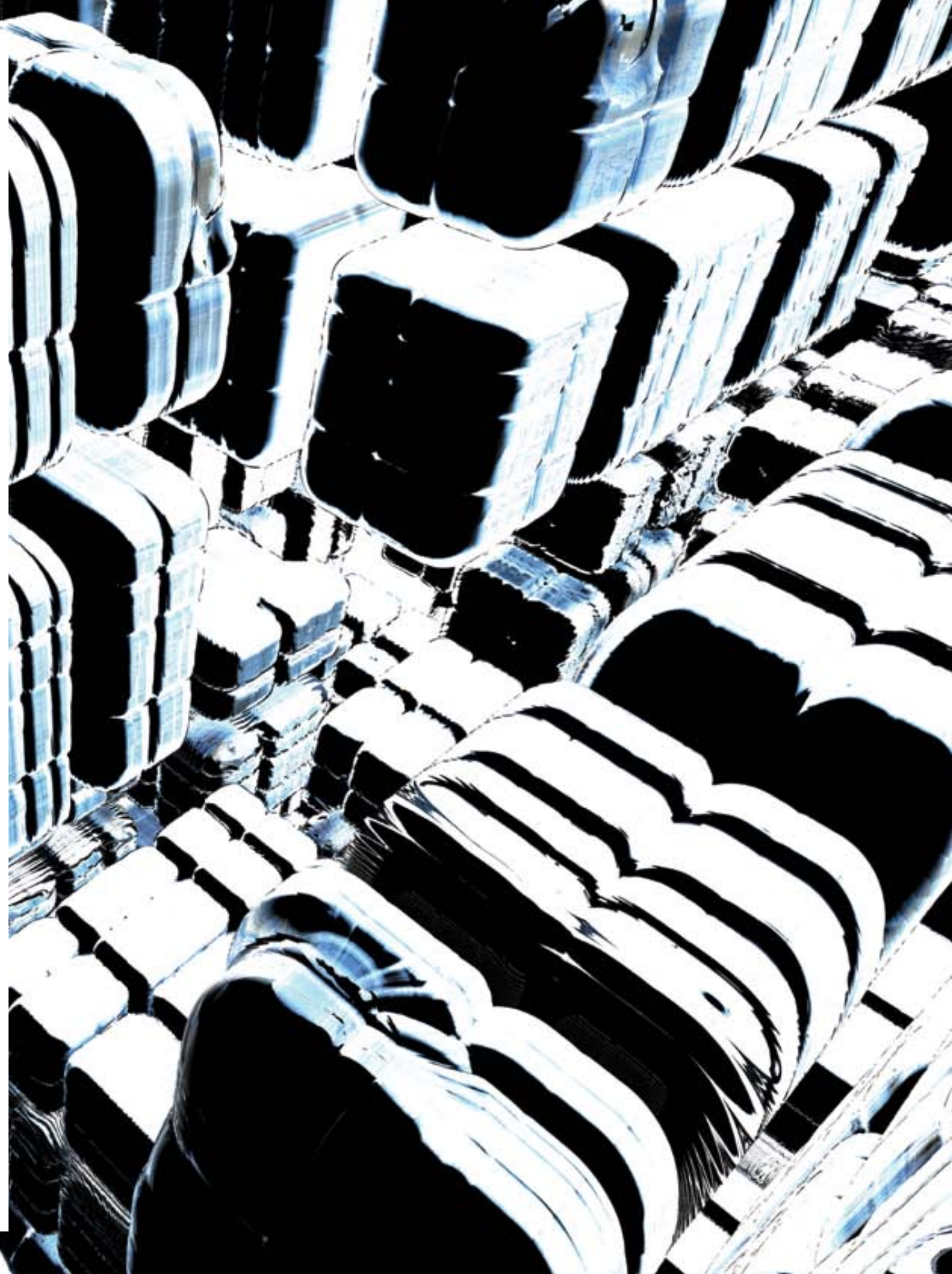
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CATHEDRAL ARCHER PROJECT.

HELPING THE HOMELESS AND VULNERABLE.

SAM WALBY.

The Cathedral Archer Project was set up in 1990 to support homeless and vulnerable adults living in Sheffield. Based at Sheffield Cathedral on Church Street, project workers at the centre support and assist more than 60 clients each day.

The way the project serves the local community is hard to sum up in a media-friendly sound bite, because its services and facilities are wide ranging. Although homeless adults can come to the Archer Project for a hot meal or a food package, this is by no means the be-all and end-all. In fact, it is only the beginning of its efforts to help people escape destitution on the streets of Sheffield. At its core is the belief that everyone deserves a chance at a happy and fulfilling life. Numerous activities and opportunities are opened up to service users, offering a springboard to a new start. The project is of vital importance over the cold winter months, but it is there year-round for those who need it, offering support, encouragement and a warm, safe environment. A cursory visit to the centre soon changes people's preconceptions about the homeless, not least because of the number of volunteers who help run the project who have themselves come from a background of homelessness.

The Archer Project places a strong emphasis on developing practical skills that are important in everyday life. Numeracy and literacy classes give service users a chance to improve their skill sets and training adds to their employability, while nurse clinics, dentistry, shower and laundry facilities, housing advice, free clothing and health groups for drug users all contribute towards this well-rounded charity venture. But more than this, the project is about putting its service users in positions of responsibility and trust in a safe environment. Two examples of this are Helen and Kevin.

Helen is difficult to work with due to poor concentration. She will often change the subject or raise a different issue, making it feel like she does not want to address her problems. Her parents were largely absent during her childhood and she would often have to search local pubs to find them. She has become skilful at avoiding meaningful relationships and finds it hard to trust others. In this instance, a new home is only part of the solution. What Helen needs is an accepting and welcoming community that builds her confidence and trust - only then will she overcome her past and move on to enjoy new positive experiences.

Kevin helps run the project. His appearance is smart and he relates easily to everyone in the centre. He is responsible and respected. Kevin was once one of Sheffield's best known and most arrested homeless drug users. He has not used drugs for more than three years and has his own accommodation. His past life and record still stand in the way of further development, but these days people are surprised when they learn about Kevin because he is such a well presented and nice person to meet.

There are many people trying to overcome similar histories to Helen, but there are also a growing number of Kevins. To support outcomes like Kevin's, the team must provide constant encouragement and opportunity, as well as working closely with many other agencies who contribute to the mix of treatment, healthcare, accommodation and development opportunities.

The Archer Project recently secured backing from Dr Chai Patel, former owner of the Priory Clinic in Surrey, as part of Channel 4's Secret Millionaire programme. Dr Patel visited the centre undercover and was suitably impressed with its services. Dr Patel said: "A young lady, with an extremely difficult life and huge loss of self-esteem, taught me not only how to skate, but also to trust her not to let me fall - which she didn't."

Speaking about project worker Sam, Dr Patel added: "Sam has the most incredible rapport with the clients using the service and always finds ways of ensuring that they are able to seek help and find the support they need. No matter how difficult someone's situation is, Sam is committed to helping people break away from their extremely complicated lives."

But despite financial backing from Dr Patel and organisations like the Big Lottery Fund, the project is not swimming in money, especially not in these economically dire times. It costs a colossal £1,200 for every day that the Archer Project is open. I'll do the maths for you - that's well over £400,000 a year.

Unsurprisingly, the team is always looking for new ways to raise funds. Every year fundraisers (including directors of the project) take part in a sponsored 'sleep out' on the Cathedral forecourt. Last year, 27 participants raised an impressive £7,000 for the Archer Project. It is also one of a number of homeless charities set to benefit from the Streetsmart initiative, which gives diners at selected restaurants the chance to add a £1 donation to their bill. In 2010, the scheme raised £460,000 for organisations across the UK. Participating restaurants include Nonna's on Ecclesall Road, Silversmiths on Arundel Street and The Wig & Pen on Campo Lane. Visit www.streetsmart.org.uk/sheffield for more information.

At this point, there should be no doubt in your mind that the Cathedral Archer Project is a worthwhile and indeed vital organisation serving some of the most vulnerable people in the city. As Christmas is a time of giving, why not make a donation to the project (www.justgiving.com/archerproject) or bring them some food supplies. At the moment they are in particular need of noodles, biscuits, tinned meat, tinned spaghetti and soup. If you are interested in volunteering your time to serve food, support activity groups, keep the place clean or generally help out with administration, contact Sara Sherratt on 0114 2636975 or sara.sherratt@sheffield-cathedral.org.uk.



If you are homeless in Sheffield, here are some points of contact for advice and support.

CATHEDRAL ARCHER PROJECT

Helping the homeless and vulnerable
Church Street, S1 1HA
0114 2636970
cap.reception@sheffield-cathedral.org.uk
www.archerproject.org.uk
Opening Hours: 8.30am - 1.30pm, Monday to Friday.

ROUNABOUT

Supporting and empowering homeless young people in Sheffield
33 Rockingham Lane, S1 4FW
0114 2536789
www.roundabouthomeless.org

TURNING POINT

Drug, alcohol and mental health services
44 Sidney Street, S1 4RH
0114 2755973
www.turning-point.co.uk

NOMAD

Homeless advice and support unit for Burngreave
12-14 Burngreave Road, S3 9DD
0114 2412080
director@nomadsheffield.co.uk
www.nomadsheffield.co.uk

SHELTER (SOUTH YORKSHIRE)

Housing and homelessness charity
Furnival House, Furnival Gate, S1 4QP
0344 515 1515

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0114 2735142 or 0800 7311689 (out of hours)
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CHRISTMAS.

HAVE YOURSELF A VERY MARXIST CHRISTMAS.

CHRIS BOLLINGTON.

I never got the chance to meet my Grandad Harry on my Mum's side of the family, which is a shame because while he managed to cause my Mum immeasurable amounts of stress and arguments when she was young, the stories I've heard about him give the impression that he was an absolutely fascinating guy.

Grandad Harry was, of course, a raging Marxist. The sort who wouldn't have dinner parties because they were too bourgeois. By all accounts though, he regarded Christmas as the most bourgeois part of Western culture. A story my Mum told me when I was younger involved her Dad only buying Christmas presents for her that could be described as 'functional'. As an eight year old child, she was bought a bedside table and a lamp for Christmas (actually, that may have been two separate years of Christmas presents). This despite the fact that my Mum had made it clear on numerous occasions that all she wanted for Christmas was a West Highland Terrier (damn kids).

Stories like this paint an image of your average Marxist as sprouting green fur and talking in rhyme throughout the holidays. The aim of this feature is to provide ways you can stay true to your beliefs, impress your fellow comrades and not piss everyone else off.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Admittedly, you may have to jettison the idea of having a big fat turkey on your plate at Christmas. Pumping birds full of growth hormones, force feeding them until they become more bloated than Marlon Brando in his later years, then slaughtering them and selling them onto the consumers at a colossal profit so the shareholders can get even more filthy rich probably can't sit comfortably alongside any sort of socialist ideals.

Instead, why not try a nut roast? I'm being serious here. I spent nineteen years as a vegetarian and nut roasts are great for Christmas dinner. They're nice and warm, filling but still leaving room for veg, gravy and Christmas pudding after. I'm pretty sure however badly you mistreat nuts they are not able to recognise the fact, which means you can have a guilt-free dinner. Bon appetit comrades.

PRESENTS

Even if you are repulsed by the concept of gift giving as enforcing the capitalist stranglehold upon both the economy and the individual, you will have to cave in here. Giving up on your principles in this instance is preferable to having to deal with an almighty shitstorm on Christmas Day when you have to tell your loved ones you haven't bought them any presents.

However, luckily for you, I am here to help make caving in on your ideals that little bit less awful by helping you find presents that avoid throwing cash at the fat cats. Firstly, for any adults in your life, buy them gifts from independent retailers (clothes, jewellery, that sort of stuff). For teenagers, albums released on independent record labels and purchased from an independent retailer make a fantastic gift. Finally, the tough one - kids. Kids are a fucking nightmare, I have no qualms about saying this because I once was one (both a kid and a fucking nightmare). You just have to be inventive. Make your son a tree house or buy your daughter a second-hand doll's house, or vice-versa if you don't want to enforce gender stereotypes.

ENTERTAINMENT

Don't tell your kids they can't watch the TV, especially the Doctor Who Christmas Special. They'll kick up such a stink that you'll cave eventually. Best to bypass the stage where they scream, cry and tell you how much they hate you, and instead go straight to the stage where you sit back and pretend not to enjoy it. Maybe mute the adverts on ITV if you feel like a sell-out about the whole thing.

Having a family sing-a-long is a great idea, even if you're a happy family full of consumers who buy each other useless gadgets every year. Let's face it, after a whole day together, you'll be struggling for conversation topics, and this is a great way of avoiding awkward small-talk. Not to mention it's a right laugh when you're drunk after having spent all day steadily working your way through lager, wine, sherry and possibly gin and vodka.

So there it is, my guide to a Marxist Christmas. Your kids will probably still hate you for years and wind up rebelling against you in later life by becoming yuppies (or the future equivalent), but at least you taught them some values.

Now go and buy overpriced, unnecessary consumer goods you capitalist pigdogs.

RECESSION.

IF IT LOOKS LIKE A DUCK...

FRASER BAYES.

“All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.”

George Orwell, Animal Farm.



Like a lugubrious wild boar who slovenly abhors the logical practice of adapting to your immediate surroundings in order to survive, George Osborne shuns the lessons of the Great Depression which John Maynard Keynes, the greatest economist of the last century, wrote tirelessly about. He is making the same mistake of taking demand out of the economy with his massive programme of cuts at a time when the economy was just starting to show positive signs of recovery.

The economic definition of a recession is two consecutive quarters of negative growth in the economy. A more interesting topic of debate is whether or not we are actually still in recession - text book definitions aside.

In November, the Bank of England (BOE) re-cast growth forecasts in the belief that growth will not reach 1% of GDP until the middle of 2012 and will not grow by 2% until 2013. When the last Labour government left office in the second quarter of 2010 growth was 1%. In Q3 of 2010 it fell to 0.7% and by the last quarter it was in negative territory at -0.5%. In Q1 of this year it was 0.5% and in Q2 0.1%. Each time these figures only matched or fell below expected growth figures. (1)

Since George Osborne became Chancellor, economic growth forecasts have continually been recalculated downwards. He has blamed the weather and the Royal wedding, among other things. Now the great clarion call from the coalition is that the Euro Zone is the great obstacle to growth. It seems paradoxical that the Conservatives now seem to constantly blame the Euro's woes for British economic troubles, because they were so quick to castigate the last Labour government for doing the same. To a lesser and greater extent both are right, yet the facts of Britain's dwindling growth since Mr Osborne took office cannot be ignored.

The Office for National Statistics (ONS) recently found that the Chancellor was on track to meet his targets, but at whose cost? What they have seemingly done is destabilise public services and made people fear for their jobs, the consequences of which have stalled the economy by facilitating a climate of unnecessary fear

The venture capitalist Adrian Beecroft recently wrote a report for the coalition suggesting doubling the amount of time before an employee can file for unfair dismissal. This would only make people save what money they have, again hitting the recovery. Increasing the retirement age to 68 is also a blow to all British citizens.

Interest rates have been at a historic low of 0.5% since March 2009. This is good for homeowners as it keeps mortgage rates down, but it is very bad news for savers such as the elderly, who rely on the interest from savings for additional income. The result is that many people are having to dig into their savings to get by each month and have been doing so for some time.

The Purchasing Managers Index (PMI) is based on a monthly survey of company executives and covers manufacturing, construction and the services industry. David Noble, Chief Executive Officer at the Chartered Institute of Purchasing & Supply, said in September: "This eye-watering decline in this month's Services PMI figures shows the full impact of current weaknesses and instability in the wider economy." He went on to say that businesses in the south-east hope next year's Olympics will boost the PMI. The outlook for the country as a whole is less clear.

Inflation has been 5% or over for some time now and dropped to exactly 5% in November, with the BOE predicting it will fall to 2% by the middle of next year and 1% the year after. But real-term wage increases have been nowhere to be seen, with wages excluding bonuses rising by 1.7% in November year on year (source: ONS), well below inflation. What this means is that people will continue to struggle to pay for essentials like energy, fuel and food.

George Osborne had the audacity to claim that the VAT rise from 17.5% to 20% brought in at the start of January was 'progressive'. As the saying goes, if it looks like a duck, swims like a duck and quacks like a duck, then it probably is a duck. The poor are disproportionately hit hardest as they have by far the lowest incomes, so the rise was very much regressive. Nick Clegg and the Lib Dems campaigned against a VAT rise during the general election, while David Cameron said in 2009 that a rise in VAT would be 'clearly regressive'.

An Institute for Fiscal Studies report found the coalition's 2010 budget to be regressive. Single people of no income in the lowest twenty percentile will lose 7.2% of their incomes over this period, compared to 2.2% of the richest. Working single people will lose 4.2% and the wealthiest 2.8%, compared to the last Labour government, under which working single people would have lost 0.17% and the richest 1.96%. Families with children also stand to lose out under the coalition's plans in comparison to the last government's, with the poorest families with one, two or multi-family households facing higher tax rises or benefit cuts than their middle income or richest tax bracket counter parts. (2)

Many Conservative politicians and writers alike seem to see the cuts as a way of bringing public spending down to 'normal' levels. Yet this argument is baseless if the cuts only serve to worsen the economy and propagate fear into the hearts of working people at a time when the recovery looks non-existent.

This all stems from the belief that the free market is all powerful; that if you reduce the role of the state, the market (as envisioned by Adam Smith's invisible hand) will flourish. But an economy cannot be run on blind faith. In reality it is much more of a Darwinian evolutionary system, in which predators hunt in packs and pick off the weakest.

In a compassionate society, the veracity of such preternatural urges must be questioned. As a civilisation, we are all one and greed must have limits. Presently, it would appear that it is the poorest that are suffering the most.

The British economy exists in a self-perpetuating bubble. The Tories hope that the public will spend its way out of this slump, but in a vicious cycle of fear this seems unlikely to happen and will only be exacerbated by such policies.

The massive deregulation of the state that the coalition seems determined to implement flies in the face of what caused the financial crash in the first place - deregulation. Ripping up planning laws and eroding job security will not bring this country out of recession. It will worsen the economy, as the decline in GDP has shown. If the British economy was a piece of paper, these measures would simply tear away the corners.

What the economy truly needs is a radical vision like huge investment in a new green economy. As the world faces huge ecological obstacles, Britain could be a true leader in creating and forging a new economic vision for the world, driving manufacturing and creative industries alike and reducing the burden of the financial services sector (around 25-30% of GDP), which the neo-conservative/liberal axis of the past thirty years has been so enamoured with. Britain needs to be bold to face challenges that rise in the East, but repeating the failed economic measures of the past will not achieve this.

(1) <http://www.ons.gov.uk/ons/publications/all-releases.html?definition=tcm:77-23645>

(2) <http://www.ifs.org.uk/bns/bni08.pdf> (appendix C.1, C.2)

FOOD.

FARESHARE / CHRISTMAS RECIPES.

FARESHARE.

Cassie Kill.

This country wastes a lot of food. We all know this. At home, many people buy too much or plan badly and as a result, end up discarding large amounts of produce. The size of the problem is multiplied many times when it comes to manufacturers, shops and restaurants. Some people occasionally score a free meal by ‘skipping’ discarded produce from supermarket bins, which has generally passed its ‘best before’ date or is damaged but may still be fine to eat. Some take this approach further by living a ‘freegan’ lifestyle. Freegans take as much of their diet from discarded food as possible in order to minimise waste and limit their participation in the consumerist economic system. However, many vulnerable people need support in accessing the waste food our society produces.

While tonnes of food is discarded every day, seven million people in this country are affected by low income, perhaps the most critical factor leading to food poverty. It is estimated that around four million people in the UK cannot afford a healthy diet. One fifth of people using the services of charities across the country admit they have gone without a square meal for a week or more in the last year.

Some organisations seek to work with businesses to ensure that the food they reject reaches the most needy. FareShare is a national charity fighting hunger in the UK by redistributing quality surplus produce from the food industry to a network of community organisations that support homeless and other vulnerable people. The charity also provides essential training and education on safe food preparation and nutrition, on top of warehouse employability training through its Eat Well Live Well programme.

FareShare argues that the current economic climate has made food redistribution even more crucial than ever. Lindsay Boswell, Chief Executive of FareShare, says: “At a time of unprecedented demand we want the food industry and the general public to increase their support.”

Recent figures released by the organisation show a sharp rise in demand on charities for food, as people all over Britain struggle to put dinner on the table. 42% of charities surveyed reported an increase in demand for food in the past year as prices continue to soar, putting additional strain on families and people on low incomes. Through collaborations with manufacturers and supermarkets, FareShare is helping charities to prevent hunger.

You can support Fareshare by making a donation or volunteering at their depot, with our local centre based in Barnsley.

fareshare.org
fssouthyorkshire@fareshare.org.uk
01226 213255



SOSMIX & CHESTNUT LOAF.

By Jan Symington at Beanies.

Most recipes are a basis for negotiation, so providing proportions remain the same, the ingredients can be tinkered with. In addition to being vegetarian, this recipe is a great way to avoid wasting a stale loaf as you will need bread crumbs to bind the ingredients. You could pick one up from the reduced section if not available at home.

Ingredients:

1 packet of Sosmix
(available from any good vegetarian/health food shop)
½ of a 415g tin of chestnut purée
200g packet of cooked, peeled chestnuts, coarsely chopped
1 large onion
Fresh thyme
50g breadcrumbs (make from stale bread with a blender or your fingers)
Vegetable stock
Olive oil
Salt and pepper

Mix up a packet of Sosmix as per instructions on the packet and allow to rehydrate while preparing other ingredients. Add some olive oil to a wide, shallow pan. Soften the onion in the oil, add the Sosmix and cook while stirring. It will stick a bit whatever you do. Add ½ a tin of chestnut purée and the cooked chestnuts. Keeping stirring. Add the thyme and breadcrumbs and soften with vegetable stock. Cook and stir till it is all mixed well. Bake in an oiled loaf tin at 180°C for about an hour. Serve in thick slices with veg and all the trimmings. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

The mix can be made in advance and frozen in a freezer bag to save you time on the day. Simply defrost overnight in the fridge, add to the oiled loaf tin and roast as above.



ROAST PIGEON CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Courtesy of the Wick at Both Ends, West Street.

Pigeon is often overlooked as a roasting option. This might be down to our own preconceptions and prejudices about the bird, but it is actually very tasty and relatively cheap to buy. Topped off with a lovely red wine gravy, it makes for a rich meal well suited to the Christmas dinner table. The roast potato cubes are a joy to behold too.

Ingredients:

Pigeon (one per person)
Potatoes
Cabbage
Baby onions
Baby carrots
Butter
Rosemary
Sage
Thyme
Oil
2 small bottles of red wine
Redcurrant jelly

Separate the cabbage leaves. Remove the spine of each and cut into strips. Blanche for 30 seconds in boiling water and then refresh in ice water. Drain.

Peel, quarter and parboil your spuds. Drain and shake gently to rough up the edges. Take half a pack of butter, soften and add finely chopped rosemary and sage to a little oil. Season well. Blitz together and smear all over your spuds. Put in the oven with the baby onions and roast at 200°C.

Cut your carrots into batons and parboil so they still have a bite. Drain and refresh. When your potatoes have a small amount of colour, heat a heavy based oven proof frying pan, adding oil and a small amount of butter.

Meanwhile, season your pigeon well and when the butter is foaming, seal the breast first to a nice light brown. When sealed all over, add a few garlic cloves and a sprig of thyme and place the pan in the oven at 220°C.

Give your potatoes a turn. Leave the pigeon for 15 to 20 minutes depending on how you like your meat (20 minutes will leave a nice pinkness). Mix your carrots with a little honey and seasoning and roast on the bottom of the oven. Keep your eye on them so they don't burn. When the pigeon is cooked, remove from the oven and cover in foil to rest while you finish the greens. Melt some butter in a pan, toss the cabbage for a minute or until the greens start to colour a little. Put everything together on a plate and add gravy.

Gravy

Pour 2 small bottles of red wine into a pan and reduce on a high heat by a third. Add some chopped thyme and a generous spoon of redcurrant jelly. Add the roasting juices from the pigeon pan and cook out. When the flavours are infused, turn the heat down and add a small knob of cold butter. This will enrich, thicken and give your gravy a nice gloss.

Stuffing

Finely dice an onion and mince a bulb of garlic (chop finely, add some salt, chop some more then use the back of your knife to crush to a paste). Soften with some finely chopped rosemary and sage. When softened but not too coloured, add a glass of red wine and turn up the heat to burn off the alcohol. When it has reduced, add pork sausage meat with some dried breadcrumbs, form into small balls and bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 220°C.

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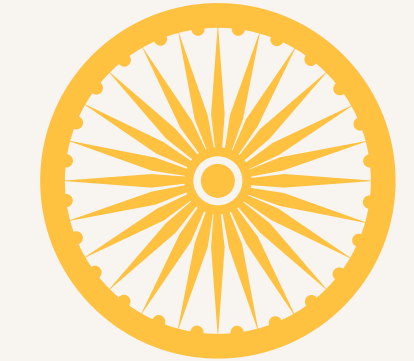
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“I am sick to death of dealing with you designers. Being able to draw and dressing like women doesn’t make you special.”

There are many things to be said for working in the design industry, but as they are mostly negative, especially those regarding clients, I would rather write about robots. If I was a robot programmed to serve people all day, I would throw myself off a cliff.

Working in the design industry is a lot like being a robot – a robot that curses its positronic brain for not allowing it to ignore the first law and attach spinning blades to its arms and take out the next human that states “that’s nice but can we try it in green” or “can you make the text bigger?” Actually, scratch that. Working in the design industry is more like being a whore – a dirty whore who has programmed their mind to find a happy place rather than be outraged by client requests.

There are many things to be said for working in the design industry, but mostly that it is like being a dirty robot whore.

From: Robert Schaefer
To: David Thorne

Hello David,
Can you send me the artwork for our business cards you did last year. Finsbury Press has asked for the original files. I need the artwork before Wednesday so either this afternoon or tomorrow is fine.
Thanks Rob

From: David Thorne
To: Robert Schaefer

Hello Bob,
I have received your email but no longer work for that agency.

Due to client account management that could be likened to that German dance where men in tights slap each other, the agency went from a thriving business with over forty clients to basically trading while insolvent. As there were very few clients, I spent most of the day playing a game called ‘Staring at the wall wondering what happy people are doing’ and answering calls by either ending each sentence with ‘over’ like talking on a walkie talkie then making that “kchsssch” noise or pretending to be a confused Cantonese woman. Once, I locked my office door and spent the day nude.

In a last ditch effort to retain the few remaining accounts we had, we sent invitations to join us at a charity dinner to provide musical instruments for starving children. The dinner started normally with Thomas, the business owner, talking about his hair and a staff member leaving in tears after being accused of stealing, but went downhill from there. By his fifth scotch, the entire table, including the Managing Director of McDonald’s, sat in embarrassed silence as Thomas cried while telling a story about how, when he was twelve, his dog Trevor died of testicular cancer. By scotch ten, Thomas had vomited onto the leg of the CEO of Bridgestone and perforated the marketing manager of Kellogg’s arm with a fork while flamboyantly telling a story about his experience in a Phuket brothel.

I penned my resignation the next day. While some may see this as the proverbial rat deserting a sinking ship, I prefer to think of it as quietly stepping out of a bathtub you have been sharing with four retarded children while they are busy arguing over who lost the soap.

I would suggest contacting the agency and requesting your business card artwork before the owner swaps the art department computers for magic beans. Alternatively, if you would like me to recreate and send the files to you, I would be happy to help. I estimate this would take three hours at seventy five dollars per hour.

Regards, David.

From: Robert Schaefer
To: David Thorne

It’s Rob not Bob and I already emailed them and they said they don’t have the files and to contact you. I’m not interested in what you do at charity events and I’m not paying you \$225 for artwork when I already paid you for the artwork last year.

From: David Thorne
To: Robert Schaefer

Dear Bobajob,
You paid the agency to provide artwork and I no longer work for that agency. While generally a frontline supporter of questioning logic, this support wavers drastically in the face of providing free work.

A few years back, I bought my first four-wheel drive vehicle from a dealership. The salesman who did the paperwork was named Roger. While on a camping trip several months later with my nine year old offspring, I parked the vehicle on a dirt incline near a river and set up the tent. The next morning, we awoke to find it had rained - turning the dirt incline into a slippery mud incline - and the vehicle missing with four tyre-wide grooves leading to the edge of the river. Realising my mobile phone had been on the rear seat of the vehicle along with our box of food, we sought out an ATM by riding a Coleman inflatable air mattress down the river for two days to the nearest town. I will admit that during the voyage the thought of eating my offspring crossed my mind on more than one occasion but this was less due to hunger than his constant complaining of “Why do I have to hold on to the back while you ride?”, “Are we there yet?” and “I can’t feel my legs.”

Making it home and reporting the vehicle as ‘stolen’, I went shopping for a new one the following week. I did not turn up at Roger’s front door requesting a replacement vehicle for the one I lost. While it is entirely possible Roger may have nodded, sympathised and explained patiently the structure of modern commerce, it is more likely he would have just called me a dickhead.

Also, while three hours at \$75.00 does equate to \$225.00, the total cost to recreate and send your business card artwork would be \$450.00 due to the Jumping Frog fee.

Regards, David.

From: Robert Schaefer
To: David Thorne

You are seriously pissing me off now. I remember you from the meeting you were that idiot wearing a green Atari tshirt. I’m NOT paying for work I have already paid for and 3 hours at \$75.00 per hour is \$225.00 NOT \$450.00 - that is double. Where did you get double from and what the fuck is a jumping frog fee?

From: David Thorne
To: Robert Schaefer

Dear Bobsledder,
I remember you from the meeting too (specifically your haggling over pricing and questioning why animated gifs can’t be used on your business card) but no, sadly the Atari clad individual would have been the owner. Nearing forty, he felt retro t-shirts and trucker caps like the cool kids wear, disguised the fact. Once one has seen his size 40 lower-half squeezed into size 32 skinny jeans like two parallel overflowing cake icing funnels, it can never be unseen. I would have been the other idiot wearing a tie and feigning interest in your business card requirements by appearing to take notes but actually creating an itemised list of things I would rather be doing, starting with #1: Being shot in the neck with an arrow.

Sometimes when I am in meetings, I imagine I am a robot programmed not to realise I am a robot and if the code word ‘quantifiable’ is mentioned, I will explode. I never do though. Other times I imagine I am a small Indian girl collecting water for my village in brightly painted clay pots.

The Jumping Frog charge relates to an event early on in my career when I made the mistake of offering a client a fixed price for a two hundred page website. Once the design was signed off and the build completed over a three month period, the client requested that each page include a frog jumping around the screen because his wife liked frogs. Purchasing a frog from the local pet store and filming it by holding a camera above and a cigarette lighter behind to persuade it to jump, I spent the next two weeks incorporating it into every page of the website. A few days later, the client described the addition as “very annoying” and requested it be removed and replaced with a 3D animated frog jumping onto the screen, holding a thumb up, and speaking the words “jump on down and grab a bargain.” After providing a quote for this, I was informed that the amendments would be made “under the original fixed price or no payment would be made at all.” The next day, their home page was replaced with a single image of a frog giving the finger and a voice bubble stating “I jump for cash, bitch.”

After fifteen years in the design industry and realising the only difference between sitting in front of a computer facilitating client’s requests and kneeling on the urine soaked floor of a truck stop bathroom giving five dollar blowjobs to men named Chuck is the amount of urine on the floor, the Jumping Frog fee has evolved from insurance against post-project client suggestion to client incentive to have somebody else do it.

Regards, David.

From: Robert Schaefer
To: David Thorne

You have until 10am tomorrow morning to send me the business card artwork or you will hear from my lawyer. I am sick to death of dealing with you designers. Being able to draw and dressing like women doesn’t make you special. You’ve got no idea who you are dealing with.

From: David Thorne
To: Robert Schaefer

Dear Bobupanddown,
That may be so but the label “some dick who wants free shit” does not require CSI profiling and while I am no lawyer, I question whether testimony comprising “I paid an agency to provide me files, I lost the files, I now demand some guy who used to work there give me new files” would have much legal standing but best of luck with that.

I also question your dissatisfaction with the price I have quoted as I believe the original charge for your work by the agency was around eighteen hundred dollars. While the actual process would have consisted of ten minutes on iStock.com for the background, two minutes pretending to consider a typeface other than Helvetica and ten minutes putting it together, this is standard design industry practice and listed under Direction, Design and Build on the invoice. I do understand your objection to the established system of exchange of money for services though and personally envision a utopian future where it is replaced with interpretive dance. We agree on a particular style that seeks to translate particular feelings and emotions into movement and dramatic expression in exchange for groceries or business card artwork. And we all own jetpacks.

In a moment of stupidity, I once agreed to design and build a website in exchange for yoga lessons. Contrary to what they would have you believe, you cannot actually embrace the sun as this would result in severe burns and your arms would need to be over one hundred and fifty million miles long. My favourite yoga move is the wriggly snake.

Unfortunately, until I can pay my rent with mantras and expressing emotional intonations through grand eloquent movements and wide swooshes of the arms before spinning and dropping to the floor while wearing spandex, I will need cash.

Regards, David.

From: Robert Schaefer
To: David Thorne

Fine. Send me the completed business card artwork tonight with an invoice.

From: David Thorne
To: Robert Schaefer





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NHS.

COMPETITION AND PRIVATISATION.
PIYUSH PUSHKAR.

Andrew Lansley's Health and Social Care Bill has been attacked on many grounds. I'll summarise these objections before adding my own.

Neither the Conservative Party nor the Liberal Democrat Party mentioned wholesale reforms of the NHS in their manifestos. David Cameron expressly promised there would be no top-down reorganisations. Questions regarding the influence of donations to Andrew Lansley's political office by private healthcare providers remain unanswered. In January 2010, The Daily Telegraph revealed John Nash, chairman of Care UK, donated £21,000 to Lansley's private office (1).

GPs currently receive no training in the commissioning of services and have no expertise in the management of large budgets. The administration of these large sums of money by the same people who provide care will create conflicts of interest and affect the trust that patients place in their doctors. The provision of services by 'any willing provider' will lead to fragmentation of services, which will make the co-ordination of care more difficult. Currently, the management of patients with complex medical conditions - e.g. children with multiple related but separate diagnoses, such as cerebral palsy, epilepsy, learning disability or psychiatric illness - require the GPs and specialists to collaborate to provide a delicate, customised, evolving package of care. If the service providers are seeking to compete with one another, the smooth provision of such a package will become more challenging. Similarly, junior doctors require exposure to many environments and specialties during their training. This will become increasingly haphazard.

The bill will lead to duplication of services, rather than the streamlining that one would associate with economic efficiency. The evidence that competition within healthcare improves efficiency is sparse and mixed (2). The duty of care of the secretary of state to provide or secure health services will be removed.

I wish to add one more reason to oppose the bill; it will make the NHS less beautiful.

Yesterday, I stood at a urinal in an airport in another country. In front of me, there was an advertisement for earplugs. Below the name of the brand and a picture of what one was being led to assume was a satisfied user, it read, 'Ask for them by name and beware of imitators.' In other words, buy our earplugs, not our competitors'. We won't deign to explicitly say that ours are better, but we will imply as much by describing our rivals as 'imitators'.

Of course, that's all they can do, because they are just earplugs. How much better can one brand be than any other? But in order to 'compete,' they must cast aspersions. They must secure the custom and loyalty of the public. In order to do this, they do not need to provide a better product. They just need to convince the public that they are providing a better product by devoting time and money to doing so.

Is this what we want in healthcare? Apart from the vulgarity of describing health services as products, is the way to deliver the best, safest and most efficient care by opening it up to a system in which each provider will have to budget for advertising as much as they do for the actual care they provide? I not only contest the evidence that this will lead to greater efficiency or better health (3), but I also object on aesthetic grounds.

The tone of the earplugs advertisement was bullying. It was mean-spirited. It aimed to hector me and to denigrate its competitors. It was ugly. But it was a necessary component of the market. And the principles of the earplug market will apply to the healthcare market as well. Providers will vie to convince those who commission services that their product is better, but the cheapest way to do this will not always be to actually provide a better, safer service. Mr Lansley's hopes that forcing competition on the NHS will also force increased efficiency are misguided. They may lead to increased efficiency in some cases. In others, they will lead to cost-shaving corner-cutting and the expert concealment of this by companies whose key purpose is to turn a profit.

We have already seen evidence of this in other public services that have been privatised. Within the UK, the railways have become a running joke, and utilities prices are a source of continuing worry for normal people. 15 million British citizens are currently facing fuel poverty (4). In Australia in April, the outsourcing giant G4S pled guilty to failing to ensure the health and safety of a person in police custody being transferred from one facility to another in one of its private security vans. The man was cooked to death over three hours in the back of the badly maintained van with metal seats, no air conditioning and no water while the outside temperature was above 40°C. (5)

I would like to think that I am wrong. I would like to think that in ten years time, I will look back at these opinions and see them as quaint, but to force myself to think that now would be disingenuous. I believe we are throwing away something great.

(1) telegraph.co.uk/news/newstoppers/mps-expenses/6989408/Andrew-Lansley-bankrolled-by-private-healthcare-provider.html

(2) badscience.net/2011/02/why-is-evidence-so-hard-for-politicians/

(3) taxresearch.org.uk/Blog/2011/06/06/the-nhs-a-stunningly-cost-effective-supplier-of-high-quality-healthcare/

(4) eoin-clarke.blogspot.com/2011/10/bp-make-yearly-profits-of-13000000000.html

(5) opendemocracy.net/ourkingdom/clare-sambrook/duty-of-care-beyond-case-of-mr-ward-cooked-to-death-by-gigantic-outsourcer

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WORDLIFE.

JAMES OLIVER / DONNA JONES / JOE KRISS.

COLLATED BY JOE KRISS.

It's that time again - the month of the greeting card poem. Why not try and write something original this year instead of leaving it to Hallmark?

We're taking a break from events until February, when we'll be back with a whole new season. We're launching monthly events at The Riverside, with the first one falling on 18th February in the Upstairs room. Our events are open to both beginners and established writers alike. We'd love to hear some of your poems so please put it in your diary and we'll see you there. We're also hoping to start running workshops in 2012, so watch this space for more details on that.

Three poems this month - a great one from James Oliver about the development (or undevelopment) of the Moor and Donna Jones with a poem about her father. There's a light hearted one from me too.

Please keep the poems and prose coming to joe@nowthenmagazine.com.

EVERYONE'S A WINNER.

There's a bad case of Moorfoot
Where there should have been your work-boots
Cos everyone's a winner

There's a hoardings around nothing
It's an 80s Sheffield theme-park
Cos everyone's a winner

There's four walls in Mosborough
you stare at from the inside,
all night, all day
Cos everyone's a winner

And your eyes watch
bill reminders, stacked against the odds
Where there used to be a paycheck
Cos everyone's a winner

And your eyes watch
A TV celebrity carnie
spinning lottery balls with a smile
cos everyone's a winner

and when you blink, the celebrity
has become prime minister
spinning lottery balls with a smile
cos everyone's a winner

and are the kids fighting upstairs?
The banging continues
and it's bailiffs at the door

Cos everyone's a winner
Everyone's a winner
Everyone's a winner

JAMES OLIVER.

GRIMETHORPE PIT.

You took my father into your bowels.
Trapped him in your sulphur stained intestines;
Burnt him, bled him and blistered his soul;
that kohl eyed beauty.

Canaries sang their death song to your power.
Horses blinded by a dark light, a no light, a never ending night.

And yet, magnificent ripped men bowed before you; pick axed.
Praised their tonnage, slaked their thirst and stalked you.
Redundant now, he still honours you;

A staggered kneeling, water logged knees, and lacerated lungs.

With racing page and pen, he watches you, talks to you, and curses you;
Flames reflected in blue opaque eyes,
tired eyes, and calculates his wintry winnings.

DONNA JONES.

HOW TO LOOK GOOD NAKED.

1. Forget you ever went to school.
2. Do not mention work,
or quote catch phrases
from your favourite TV programme.
3. Remember the recycling can wait until
tomorrow.
4. Tense your inner acrobat
and arch your neck like a gazelle
wearing ballet shoes on a yacht
5. Forget you have ever spilt
spaghetti bolognaise down
a white top.
6. Wear your skin like silk,
and misplace the memory
of that awkward teenager
who was so unsure of himself,
he wouldn't get changed
in front of his own shadow.
7. Bite your bottom lip as if it owes you money.
8. Roll each word in your mouth
with soft growls and satin chocolate
as if you have never asked
a pharmacist for piles cream.

And finally

8. Take off all sharp jewellery

JOE KRISS.



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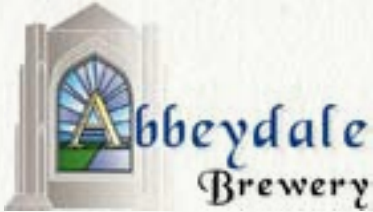
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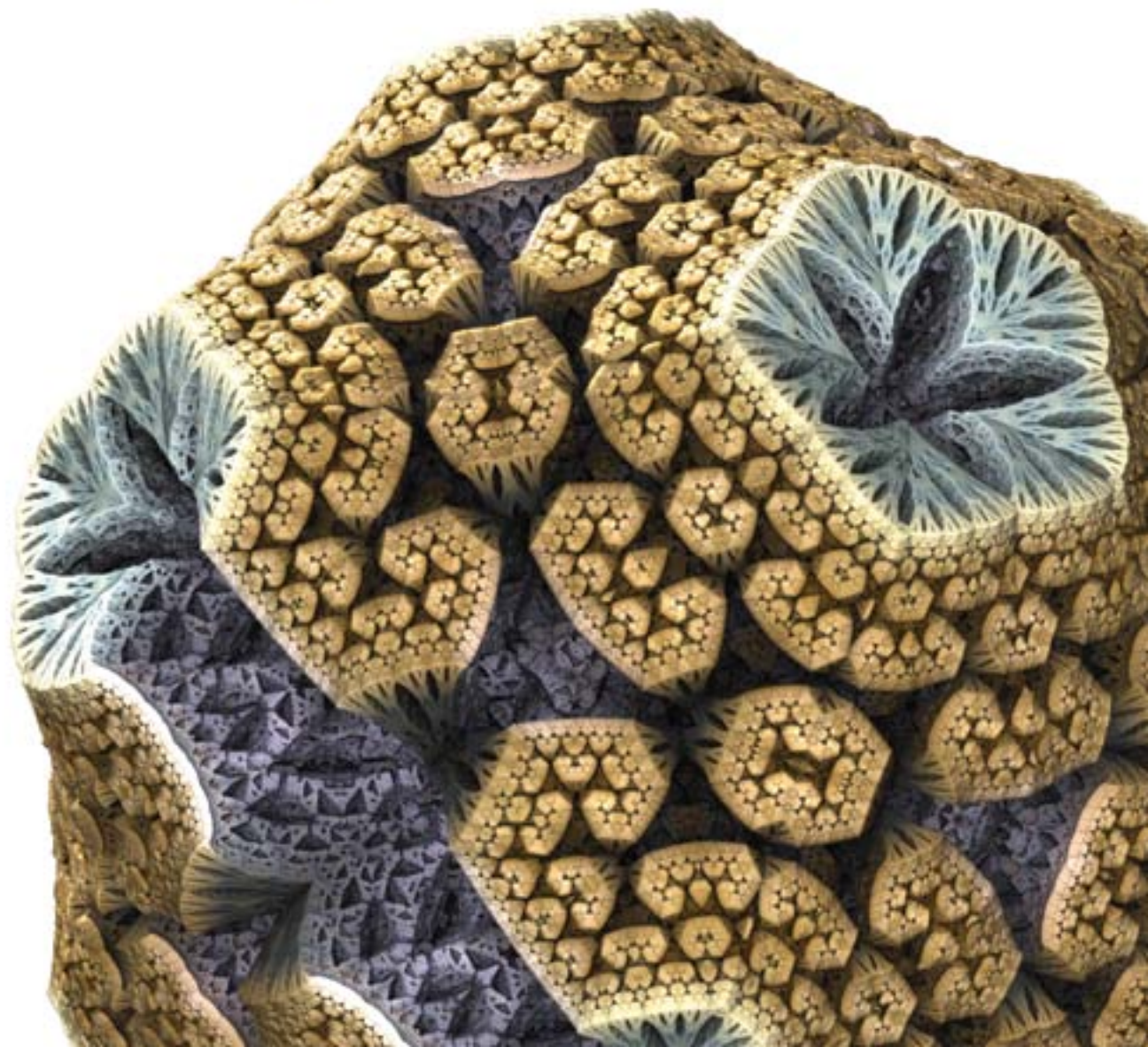
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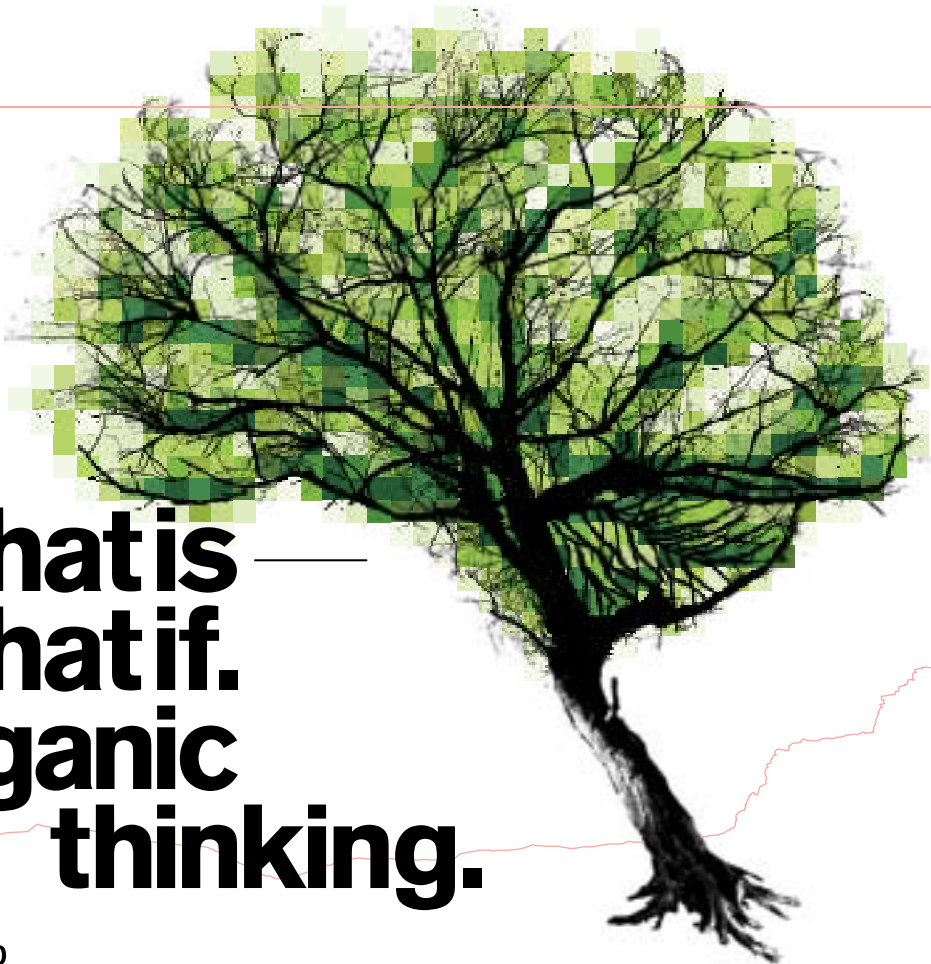
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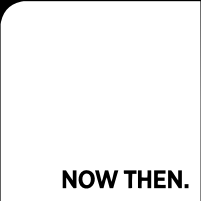
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CHRIS GODLEY.

CHASING THE SHAPES THE NUMBERS MAKE.

INTERVIEW BY MATT JONES.

A departure from the doodle this month with a feature made up entirely of generative patterns - numbers and code that produce line, form and colour. Chris sits in the Gleadless gloom, coffee and cigarette firmly in place, flickering monitors reflecting in gleaming eyeballs. He means it.

Godley is Sheffield born and bred, a fact that's clearly obvious for me in the way he approaches his work and the industrial and technological shapes that he produces. The new flesh - art with machines - is a strange one, and I look forward to seeing where he ends up in the future.

What made you want to start creating art?

Pure selfish entertainment. I think like most children of the Eighties I was robot obsessed and could usually be found either dismantling something that wasn't broken or drawing Optimus Prime in HB pencil. Getting the badass pose right was even more important than the big shiny guns, and that's a mantra that remained as time passed - make it look badass.

Can you describe the process of starting a new piece?

From a certain point that depends on the piece, but the preliminary ritual is a vat of coffee while waiting for various computers to boot.

For procedurals like fractals, I'll start by getting the formulae to produce interesting results then finding a viewpoint to do them justice. Sometimes this takes moments, sometimes hours. It's a lot like nature photography, except you can change the shape of the whole environment and you won't know if it will look better until a few hours later.

Getting comfortable is important too.

Where do you get your inspiration from?

Anything busy, tessellating or epic in scale. Undulating flocks of starlings, bar codes, circuit boards, universal shipping container ports through Google Earth. Vertigo. Guilloche - those complex little spirals and swirls on banknotes. Brutalist architecture. Mucha, Domenig, Vignelli, Fuller, Foster, Crouwel, Spiekerman, Anderson, Insa, Delta and Astek.

Tools - what do you use regularly and what's your favourite?

My toolset changes constantly, from educational modellers for visualising molecules to the use of Javascript for directly editing SVG vectors. I use purely open source software for work and play, so I'd have to say Inkscape is my favourite single tool, followed by Blender. I'm always researching and compiling ever more obscure programs to work with, as well as putting together new processes using existing tools.

What other artistic media have had an effect on your art?

Architecture, graffiti and cinematography. Print design made me very conscious of negative space and web design scaled my working tolerances down from inches to pixels.

How do you spend your days?

Usually sat in front of too many screens. My time is split between freelance graphic design and programming work - and since September, fatherhood. I spent from 8am yesterday till 3 this morning hacking fractal formulae to pieces and rendering the results, but the day before it was all websites. I enjoy both the aesthetic and the logical, and try to spend roughly equal amounts of time on each.

Which of your recent pieces have you enjoyed making the most?

Twilo, a non-fractal AO poster, drawn manually in Inkscape over a couple of months. I used thousands of layered, semi transparent circles of different colours to give the impression of volumetric light penetrating a thick atmosphere. I also got to use the vectors I'd traced from scans of old motherboards and a photo of one of our cats. Awesome.

How has your art evolved over time?

I think I have a better aim. I used to try to please the largest audience possible and my work bore the scars. Looking at it must have felt like being pestered into doing something. Experience has made me more confident in what I see as beautiful, which has in turn made me enjoy the whole creative process. I'd never feel the urge to put one of my own posters up. Clearly there's something wrong with that. I also used to be incredibly reluctant to try out new techniques, whereas now I consider the discovery and naturalisation of new tools essential.

How has art in general changed since you started?

I started with vector graphics years before almost everyone had a computer on their desk, never mind in their pocket. Digital art represented a future that we knew we were headed toward, and like all burgeoning tech, it was expensive and exclusive.

The domestication of computers devalued the producers of digital art and design, simply because suddenly everyone had access to the tools, and by proxy to this career choice. However, since then I think we've reached a place where most people can spot an overused Photoshop filter. We're a much more design-aware public who deserve to be addressed as such.

What are you currently working on?

Tiny pixel art for website icons. Vertigo-inducing, abstract architectural posters and a few album covers. I might learn processing next for some live visualisations. I think I know a few people who'd be interested in such a venture.

Any tips on how to survive making money from your art? Do you find it important?

It'd be more important if I cared more about money. I undersell myself if left to my own devices and get told off about it. Don't undersell yourself.

What do you dislike in art?

In my game? Power cuts.

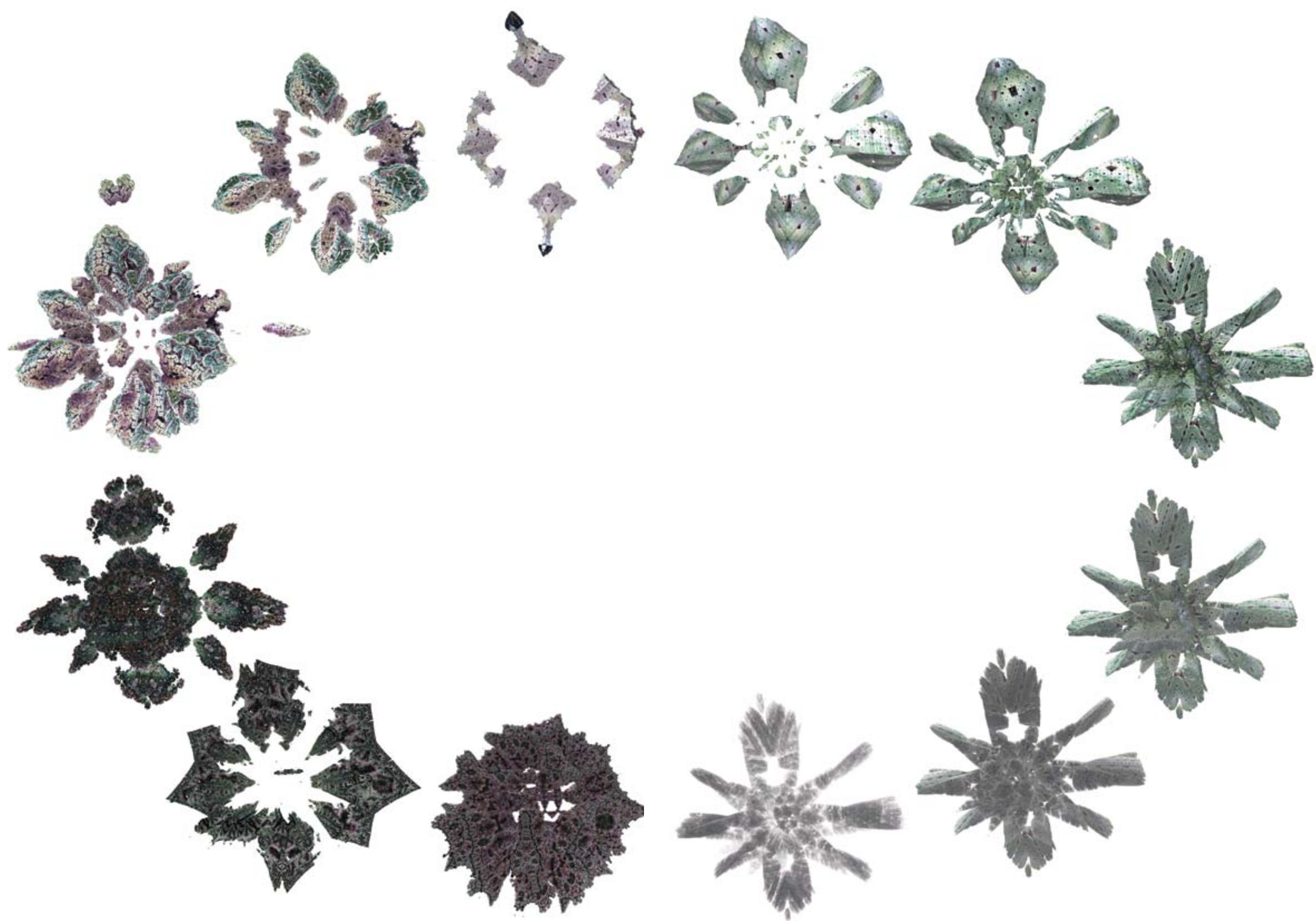
What makes you smile in art?

Geometry, tessellation and rhythm.

Good advice you wish you'd been told earlier?

I was told to always do what I think is right, and I interpreted that as doing the most logical thing, but I've since realised that it means to trust instinct, so that's how I'm editing it. Trust instinct - especially if it goes against advice. That last part was mine.

www.chrisgodley.com



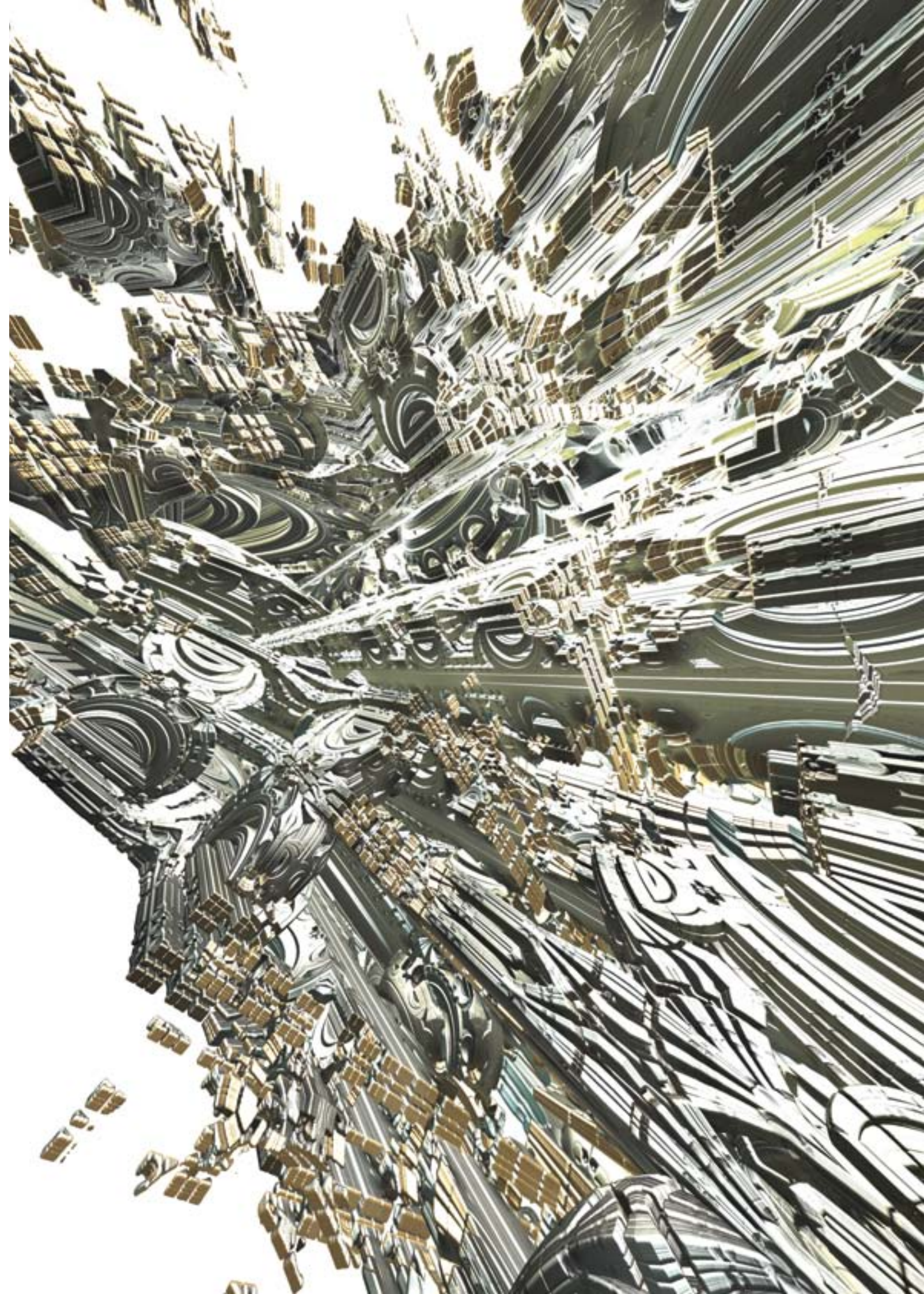
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TOM BELSHAW.

I have absolutely no qualms in admitting I dance to car alarms. I've been known to 'box some beat' to an assortment of birdsong and have hummed away merrily to the drone of a fruit juicer. I spent the run up to my formative years being referred to as "Biffer" due to my penchant for drumming on tables/pets/family members with a squeaky blue hammer and I 100% agree that baked beans are "the musical fruit". I do believe "the cacophonous legume" would be more apt but Heinz have been ignoring my emails.

If, like myself, you have a constant 4/4 beat running through your head then you can hear music wherever you are. It's that idea of providing a soundtrack to everyday life that everyone finds so tantalising and subsequently why there are over 300 million Apple branded music players sitting in people's pockets, quietly waiting to break the day after the warranty expires.

I remember my first Walkman clear as day. It was my stepdad's and it lived in the shed. The Walkman that is, not Alan. It was covered in sawdust and the pause button didn't work properly, but it was systematically placed in my possession and subsequently returned to the shed until it eventually became mine. I loved it like fat kid loves cake.

The thrill of taking music wherever I wanted never wore thin. Unfortunately, the thrill of only having one tape waned fairly sharpish. After that I was utterly hooked and over the next 12 years accumulated what can only be described as a gaggle of assorted portable media devices:

3 portable cassette players 2 Discmans/men/persons

3 Minidisc players

2 non-descript MP3 devices

2 boom boxes

A grand total of 4 iPods.

I often fall foul to the 'charms' of my laptop's speakers instead of taking that three-foot stretch to plug her into a set of lovely Yamahas, and it's because of that ease of use provided by a portable medium that we find more and more music geared towards al fresco listening. People are now able to create music in the great outdoors with entire production suites that fit in the palm of your hand.

Admittedly it has to be an abnormally large hand, but who are you to judge? At some point the ability to hold three ruby red grapefruits in one span is going to come in really useful and the cries of 'Big Mitts Belshaw' will fall on deaf ears.

Being able to purchase music from iTunes while out and about was something that always irked me though, mainly because the adverts propagated the idea of buying Jack Johnson and Norah Jones on the fly. No-one should be given the opportunity to do that. It's a matter of ethics. Also, allowing a major corporation access to your listening habits and inviting them to provide you with inspiration is only going to end in tears. It pains me that people like tubby hipster James 'LCD Soundsystem' Murphy can decide to produce an album (2006's **45:33**) in collaboration with a major footwear company whose single purpose is to provide the soundtrack to a perfect workout.

The excitement that surrounds portable tunage is that you can take music from home out of its domain, drown out the mundane diegetic sounds of life and score your own as you see fit, create exquisite juxtapositions of clamour and serene vistas and provide yourself with a level of escapism that the confines of your home could not see fit to loan you - not run through your town centre's mandatory fountain complex, quaffing a Starbucks while you consume the bastard love child of corporate idiocy and trend humping in which a podgy sell-out merchant paradoxically tells you the best way to shed a few pounds. Like a bomb in a bookshop, certain people just want to destroy something novel.

It makes no real odds to me though. I'm totally under the influence. These days I can't imagine being without music on my person. There is a generation emerging that were practically born with an iPod in their hands and the phenomenon knows no class boundaries. It provides to all and sundry, one and all, and eventually people will begin to take it all for granted. But if you can remember the time you left your girlfriend and her mates at the campsite, took a 30-minute walk through sharp bushes and winding rock paths, perched yourself in a throne of boulders and watched the sun set into the sea with 'Narayan' by the Prodigy as your soundtrack, then you remember why you got so excited when you blew the sawdust away and pressed play for the first time.

LIVE.

MAGAZINE / NA ZDROVE.

NEIL MCSWEENEY / YUCK.

MAGAZINE.

9TH NOVEMBER.
PLUG.

REVIEWER – PETE MARTIN.

A near-capacity crowd greets post-punk legends Magazine on their comeback tour. After releasing five albums between 1978 and 1981, Howard Devoto dissolved the band and virtually retired from music for a quarter of a century.

Support on the tour comes from Doncaster’s hotly-tipped In Fear Of Olive, who have just released their second EP **Saluting Magpies**. They are a young four-piece who are remarkably assured, deftly switching between various folk, rock and country styles. All four musicians contribute vocals, which add a real depth and maturity to the already beautifully crafted and executed songs. There are a number of very tasteful and expensively produced videos on YouTube where IFOO’s more reflective side is shown, but they pretty much stick to their up-tempo songs here. They’ve played in Sheffield a few times already this year and if they return to somewhere more intimate like the Greystones, they’ll be unmissable.

The Magazine musicians amble onstage and start blasting out ‘Definitive Gaze’ before Devoto appears to great applause. He lives up to (or plays up to) his eccentric reputation by producing two placards adorned with the phrases “Let’s fly away to the world” and “You do the meaning” to the general bemusement of everyone present.

Devoto announces that this is “Magazine version 6.0”, alluding to the defection/departure of several previous members. A number of songs from the new album **No Thysself** follow, all in the Magazine mould but merging into a similar sounding Magazine-lite. This situation was alleviated with two songs from their masterpiece **The Correct Use Of Soap**, ‘A Song From Under The Floorboards’ and ‘Philadelphia’, which gave the set a much-needed jolt.

As with the PiL tour earlier this year, original members leave a void, and although Stan White and Noko play all the right notes in the right order, Barry Adamson’s elastic, cinematic bass and John McGeoch’s glacial perfection are sorely missed. Also, original keyboard player Dave Formula was pretty anonymous for much of the evening, making some bizarre and sometimes wayward contributions, though he played some great, funky clavinet on Sly Stone’s ‘Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)’.

The one-hour set concluded with ‘The Light Pours Out Of Me’, which perhaps receives the best reception of the night. The band then returns for a three-song encore, with debut single ‘Shot By Both Sides’ benefitting from Noko’s best work.

This was a solid performance which pleased the majority of the 40 and 50-somethings who dominated the crowd but, like many old bands currently touring, Magazine are living off past glories.

NA ZDROVE.

5TH NOVEMBER.
PENELOPE’S.

REVIEWER – TOM CHILDS.

Europe. I don’t know the finer points but it seems like the whole place is a bit of a shitstorm at the moment, what with debt comparable to...well nothing, because it’s unprecedented. Po-faced newsreaders hate it, the banks of our capital city hate it, our politicians hate it, but a crowd of sweaty punters in Sheffield on a miserable Saturday night go absolutely insane for it.

Na Zdrove is something of a Sheffield institution. As soon as my party arrived on Saturday we were greeted with hugs from the fez-topped organizer and beaming smiles all round. Descending the stairs from just outside the outstandingly ugly Odeon on Arundel Gate, you may as well be crossing the channel and travelling a couple of thousand miles to a backstreet Eastern bloc club. Na Zdrove is about as far from an English clubbing experience as you can get.

One feature that ensured this authentic European atmosphere was the presence of the Amsterdam Klezmer Band, who played with a virtuosity seldom achieved by their English contemporaries. The band rattled through Baltic beat after Gypsy rhythm and the crowd jumped as if the floor was covered in hot coals. The seven-strong musical gang featured several brass-wielding maniacs, a mean double bass player, an accordion warlock and a chap whose entire evening was dedicated to shouting Yiddish and playing the finger cymbals. I’ve been to some pretty good gigs this year, but the only acts who come close to touching the enthusiasm of the Amsterdam Klezmer boys are The Hives and Iggy Pop.

This is their first tour of England and the Na Zdrove crowd was lucky to have experienced them at one of just three UK dates. But no less entertaining was the subsequent playlist of Balkan beats that the Na Zdrove DJs deployed to keep the packed dance floor bouncing. Whether the crowd was just excited to hear something different or if Eastern European Gypsy punk is laced with mystic power, the energy levels in Penelope’s didn’t drop until the lights came on and everyone reluctantly headed home.

Na Zdrove enjoys several unique selling points among a Sheffield club night scene that is of a competitively high standard. Firstly, there is the DJs’ ability to make all who enter bounce around for hours on end. Secondly, the organisers create an actual experience, offering an insight into a culture removed from ours with their knowledgeable track selection, internationally-renowned bands and even Georgian cuisine, with a Khachapuri Café stand serving food considerably more wholesome than your standard takeaway kebab. Lastly, there is a real buzz that surrounds the night. My housemates and I were looking forward to it all week and all who attended left with a knowing smirk – “See you next time, comrade.”

NEIL MCSWEENEY.

31ST OCTOBER.
GREYSTONES.

REVIEWER – EBONY NEMBHARD.

Sold out completely, The Backroom of The Greystones was at full capacity. The much-anticipated event courtesy of Wagon Wheel Media marked five years of the company’s promotions in the city and took place at what has in recent months become a local landmark for live music and comedy. Promoting shows and expanding their current fan base, Wagon Wheel work with a spectrum of artists, paying homage to great Americana and folk musicians across the board.

After taking off in the autumn of 2010 and unveiling a new, much more inviting look, The Greystones now brings in line-ups of a consistently high calibre. The venue has since opened its doors to many acts, notably during the Tramlines weekend and most recently for the Grin Up North comedy festival.

With a promising pre-show atmosphere, the music on the night lived up to the promise. My first trip to the Greystones was certainly a positive one.

The Payroll Union opened the show with their seductive and ever-infectious Americana sound. The band gave a slick performance alongside intervals of banter which managed to warm up the somewhat reclining crowd, playing a miscellaneous set of old favourites alongside tracks from their current EP **Your Obedient Servant**, which boasts a refreshing vibrancy.

Second act Torn Snail, fronted by singer-songwriter Huw Costin, were next to take to the stage and gave a heart-felt performance during which the audience were treated to an acoustic sound delicately entwined with a celestial romanticism. A reincarnation of The Cold Light of Day, the band are fairly new on the scene, having initially formed in 2008. Following a few more additions to the lineup, the five-piece released their first single ‘Birds’ in April 2011, the first song lifted from their forthcoming debut album on independent label Claremont56.

Concluding a strong night, headlining act Neil McSweeney & The Gents commanded the stage with a majestic performance. With two critically acclaimed albums under their belt, **Remember To Smile** and **Shoreline**, Neil & The Gents played a collection of intricately crafted ballads and melodic love songs infused with spirit and splendour.

Closing the show with solo acoustic number ‘London Road’, Neil played with a virtuous sincerity, displaying the sort of candor and honesty which is perhaps too much of a rarity.

YUCK.

16TH NOVEMBER.
LEADMILL.

REVIEWER – ANDREW ALMOND.

There’s a prevalent school of thought suggesting that being a great band is all about investing your collective energies into experimenting with backwards effects loops, E-bows and alternate tunings. At the Leadmill on 16th November Yuck proved that rock and roll is a dish served best when played in all of its primal, feral, distorted glory.

Support came from fellow Londoners and power-pop quartet Fanzine. Ploughing a similar musical furrow to Yuck - right down to their shared weapon of choice in the Fender Jaguar - Fanzine play three-minute nuggets of melodic alternative pop-rock; the type that you would imagine saturated the airwaves of American college radio stations in the early to mid 90s. Tonight that is no bad thing; ‘Roman Holiday’ is a joy to behold even if it does perhaps bare more than a passing resemblance to the aforementioned Weezer’s ‘Buddy Holly’.

Let’s cut straight to the point. Yuck - a band which features Daniel Blumberg and Max Bloom, formerly of Cajun Dance Party - have produced one of 2011’s most raucous and admirably anarchic debut albums this side of the Atlantic. From the opening riff and whispered vocal of the gloriously euphoric ‘Holing Out’, it was plain for all to see that Yuck’s updated take on Dinosaur Jnr/Sonic Youth grunge transfers as vividly to the Leadmill stage as it does to record.

Cutting an aloof figure, what with a tussled mop of auburn locks and slacker denim attire, frontman Blumberg clearly embraces the physical, aesthetic side of grunge as well as the musical. A band of few words, they rattle through the majority of their debut self-titled album, highlights of which included fan favourite ‘Georgia’ - arguably the most accomplished three-minutes of guitar pop released this year - the Vines-esque album opener ‘Get Away’ and the melancholy ‘Suicide Policeman’, with its mellow, obligatory lighter-in-the-air sing-a-long chorus.

The vociferous ‘Operation’ is also on show tonight in all its ferocious glory; the interplay between Blumberg and Bloom’s guitars demonstrating a rare brand of telepathy that only comes from honing their live act over a number of years across various musical guises.

“I love you guys... especially you down there,” Bloom exclaims, pointing to the minority cohort situated in front of the stage centre who have arms draped over each other, as they bounce along in unison. “I’m fed up of being young and free”, Blumberg murmurs on ‘Suck’. On tonight’s evidence, this is not a feeling reciprocated by his fellow band members or those packed into the Leadmill, where we partied like it was 1991.



TEEBS.

**COLLECTIONS 01.
BRAINFEEDER.**

REVIEWER – JACK SCOURFIELD.

Little did Now Then realise when they asked me to review **Collections 01** that I was going to hijack the piece to deliver a pitch for a new TV show called Best Music-Related Quotes Of The Past Year Or So. The weekly programme will be hosted by the unlikely pairing of Tina from S Club 7 and Alan Yentob, and will fill an early morning E4 slot aimed at the young, boho-chic professional crowd who love to absorb some cultural banter while sipping on a frothy mocha before hopping on the bike to work, or - more likely - the bed-ridden unemployed who’ve forgotten to adjust their clocks to winter time and tune in for the One Tree Hill omnibus, but who stay watching in the hope that Tina’s boobs bounce up and down a bit. Definite inclusions would be Liam Gallagher’s tweetting of ‘SHITBAG’ shortly after his estranged brother’s press conference announcing his new High Flying Birds project, and the frantically spluttered “awoOoOoo” of a stricken front-row Beyoncé fan as her heroine presented her with the mic at a gig.

Another gem prime for inclusion would be Flying Lotus’ compliment of his fellow West Coast beatmaker: “Teebs’ music sounds the way Avatar looks”. A cursory listen to Teebs’ 2010 debut **Ardour** leaves one in little doubt that this could well be the most accurate description of anything, ever. Whether you felt James Cameron’s fantastical epic was a groundbreaking piece of cinema or not, Avatar was undeniably a sumptuous feast of sensual titillation, a skill which Teebs honed perfectly himself with Ardour, and now carries over in to this new resplendent menagerie.

While there’s no shortage of quality over the sub-half an hour duration of Collections 01, it’s hard not to draw the focus immediately to third track ‘Pretty Polly’. Amidst the crackles, chimes and steadily bobbing beat, a hauntingly ornate vocal sample has been plucked and tweaked from traditional folk roots, but here sounds like a Disney damsel’s lost voice. Elsewhere, ‘Cook, Clean, Pay The Rent (New House Version)’ is the muffled sound of a 1920s carnival drifting across a lagoon. Harpist Rebekah Raff weaves a flurry of twinkling arpeggios while Teebs attempts to rebuff them with rays of celestial drone on ‘Verbena Tea’, and ‘Red Curbs Loop (Stuff I Dream About)’ will leave you struggling for words as you realise you’ve just been gazing at your potted plant for the past 2:04 minutes and wondering what it’d be like to live behind a waterfall.

By the time closing track ‘Yellow More New’ ends, all that’s left to do is for Alan Yentob to turn to Tina and deliver his contractually obliged closing line – “get your quote, love, you’ve pulled” – and sit back and await Collections 02. And maybe watch that Beyoncé fan wailing again in the meantime.

TUNNG.

**LIVE FROM THE BBC.
FULL TIME HOBBY.**

REVIEWER – BEN DOREY.

One of the more inventive bands working in ‘folktronica’, Tunng have enjoyed sustained success since the release of their first record in 2005. This rather unimaginatively titled record brings the best of their live recordings for the BBC together in one package. Featuring tracks from across their back catalogue, it includes some that owners of their three studio albums may not have heard. It provides an interesting catalogue of the bands development both in terms of songwriting and as live performers, with some tracks sparse and intimate and others full and oozing with warmth.

The record opens, like 2007’s **Good Arrows**, with ‘Take’. At first it seemed strange to me to pick the same opener as a previous album, but it is a natural starting point with its slow build into a whirl of interwoven vocals and acousmatic rhythmic trickery. In this form it carries an energy that takes it beyond the Good Arrows version, with the organicity of Tunng’s sound, especially the aforementioned rhythmic elements, emphasised in live performance. This seems to be a common trend across **Live From The BBC**. Second track ‘Bullets’ is especially affecting, a lively lilting instrumental that is juxtaposed nicely with machine gun percussion and dark lyrics.

Next track ‘Jenny Again’ has a warm intimacy, with Mike Lindsay’s vocals spread like honey over lively picked guitar. This could be a regular folk track until the re-sampled vocal enters, distorted and mechanised in stark contrast to the tape reel cosiness of the rest of the song. Following this is an unreleased collaboration with Malian blues band Tinariwen, which sounds a little strained as the energy of the guests is necessarily reduced to match the soft delivery of Tunng. It also shows up one of the few faults I can find with Tunng, which is that when playing with folk ideas from traditions other than the British one, their songs don’t hold the same subtle gravitas, often tending towards the twee. This is most noticeable in the contrast between the Appalachian-tinged ‘Hustle’ and the preceding ‘With Whiskey’, probably the strongest of these session recordings.

All in all this is a worthwhile album, despite my initial reservations that it might be a way to keep the record label and fans happy while the lead vocalist takes time out in Iceland to work on his solo project. For loyal fans, it is a body of high-quality live recordings which vary enough from the originals to hold interest, while for those new to Tunng it showcases them in arguably their strongest light, with a rawness born from these live versions shedding away the sometimes overly soft production of their studio work.

ELAN.

**NEXT 2 LAST.
MONKEYTOWN.**

REVIEWER – FRED OXBY.

eLan is one of my favourite exponents of contemporary hip hop. I find a certain melodic beauty and sophistication in his music that is lacking in much of the music given the aforementioned label. His track ‘I Can’t Breathe’, released with two equally good tunes by FaltyDL, remains one of my favourite beats of the last two years. Another of my personal favourites is ‘Dry Lemons’, also released by Monkeytown on the **Bleep Bloop Brrrrmmp EP**, one of those tracks that actually manages to musically invoke its title.

Unfortunately, there are no new tunes on eLan’s latest release, **Next 2 Last**. What is prosaically advertised as a 2 CD package is in fact just a compilation of the music from eLan’s first three EPs with a handful of remixes thrown in for good measure. Where the press release should be discussing the new flavours and inspirations we are about to hear, we are left with a bibliography of past compositions and endorsements. I must confess to a bit of resentment at this. What motivated Monkeytown Records to hype up such a pedestrian escapade?

Ok, so I’m not that angry at receiving this record to review. In fact, I would still recommend you take a listen. For one, it will give fans of eLan a chance to listen to his music again in a different order on iTunes, without having to make a playlist or press shuffle. It is, after all, very good music. It encompasses the simplicity of classic hip hop production and the intrigue of modern synthesis and melody. Not only is it melodically and harmonically interesting, but it is also very accomplished on a technical level. Without being excessively superlative or praiseworthy about this producer, I really do think eLan is onto something very special.

The second reason that I recommend this release is that the remixes are fantastic. The highlight for me has to be Cosmic TRG’s funky 2-step remix of ‘Alligator Snaps’, but it is only one pearl in a well jewelled crown. Modselector seldom fail to please and their remix of ‘Bleep Broom Brrrrmmp’ is excellent, as is Lazer Sword’s reworking of the same track. Other efforts by Amstam, Byetone and HeRobust complete the set with no less flair, making the second phase of this release excellent in its own right. What I still don’t understand is why this was not released as a remix record, because this is where the proverbial “newness and freshness” are to be found on these CDs.

JACASZEK.

**GLIMMER.
GHOSTLY INTERNATIONAL.**

REVIEWER – GORDON BARKER.

After a few mildly experimental records, Jacaszek finally “found his sound” in 2008 with the release of **Treny**. This sound comprises acoustic and field recordings from various locations shifted into the digital world, rearranged, dulled and enhanced. He is massively focused on depth of tone, so with every note played you can hear the instruments’ surroundings, the distance from player to microphone and every nook and cranny of the environment. Through these practices Jacaszek has pulled together a tense, palpable and ultimately beautiful experience in the form of **Glimmer**.

‘Goldengrove’ rings out with purity. From the first chime you are drawn into its slowed melancholy and introduced to the main focuses of the album, the bass clarinet and harpsichord, backed by shuffling mists of dirt and fuzz. The sweet introduction only lasts for this first track though, because with the second comes a noticeable downturn in mood, with barely audible notes played through a curtain of crackles. This switching of moods becomes a running theme of the album, with Jacaszek grabbing the listener and gently swaying them between melancholy and exhausting reverence. Never going too far either way, he keeps layering the tension, building crescendos of warm bass-driven fuzz in the vein of Fennesz for ‘Dare-gale’, and manipulating distortion that builds to overwhelm the composition in ‘Evening Strains to be Time’s Vast’. Whilst it does follow a similar style to Treny, Glimmer also bears some of the characteristics of his more recent work, **Pentral**. It is somewhere comfortable in-between, slower and more sparse than Treny but remaining rhythmical and structured.

This album is modern classical in its truest sense, showcasing a range of inspirations and techniques which span a huge timescale. Everything – from the way the instruments themselves are played, the way their sounds are captured and what is done with the recordings afterwards – pulls the ends in and melds together the old and the new. At first glance these tracks seem like perfect night-time music, but the beauty of this record masks its truly fascinating nature. Every note and every tone on this album is lovingly crafted and gorgeously produced.

RICHARD H KIRK.

ON JOHNNY YESNO, SWEET EXORCIST AND THE RIOTS.

INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Richard H Kirk was one of the founding members of influential Sheffield group Cabaret Voltaire, who formed in the early 70s and quickly became known for their... shall we say ‘difficult’ art-music performances, incorporating early samplers, processed guitars and projected visuals. Taking inspiration from krautrock, Dadaism and the burgeoning post-punk scene in the UK, the trio explored the outer realms of industrial experimentalism throughout the 70s and 80s, making an indelible mark on Sheffield.

Richard has been a solo artist since the mid-80s under a range of pseudonyms, including Sandoz, Electronic Eye and Sweet Exorcist (with DJ Parrot). He still creates music under the Cabaret Voltaire name and continues to be as prolific as ever. This year has seen the release of an updated version of cult Sheffield film noir **Johnny YesNo**, re-shot by original director Peter Care with a remixed soundtrack by Richard, as well as a compilation for Warp Records including some of the label’s earliest releases by Sweet Exorcist, entitled **RetroActivity**.

You remade the music for Johnny YesNo and Peter Care remade the visuals. I understand that was quite a long process...

Not half. It was six years altogether. The longest project I’ve ever been involved in. Back in 2005, I got a message that Peter Care had been trying to get in touch. The last time we worked together was 1989 for the last Cabaret Voltaire video, ‘Chicago’. He’d been keeping up with what I’d been doing musically since the early 90s. He rang me up from Los Angeles and we were talking about Johnny YesNo, and how it should be on DVD, because it had been unavailable for god knows how many years since we originally released it. I spoke to Mute, who had already done a lot of Cabaret Voltaire re-issues. We had the idea of remixing the music and the film, so that’s what we did.

I spent about four months bashing the music out and sending it over to Peter, who then started building the new cast. Because there wasn’t much of a budget, Peter was having to wait for people who could help out for nothing. It just took time but I think it was worth it. There was a full screening of it in London in November, but I’m not sure how that went.

Did you add new parts?

I went through all the tracks on the original VHS. There was JohnnyYesNo and another five or six clips using Cab’s music. It was all about using certain sounds as a building block to remake a track; just taking certain elements, constructing new rhythms, ripping the shit out of it and building it back up in a different way. Very good fun, in fact.

It must have been useful for Peter to have your completed soundtrack before he shot the new material too.

Yeah. When the original film was made, he approached us about doing the music after, which is generally how it’s done. But for the remake, it was music first, and that’s why the tracks are so long. I did that so he had flexibility, so he could loop or edit them. He didn’t do that but I decided to leave them as they were, because everyone at Mute liked it and I liked it.

Is the soundtrack out now as well?

It’s all in one – four discs. It actually looks not that different from VHS, because it’s a DVD case but it’s thick. On one side you’ve got the two films, and on the other you’ve got the CDs and a nice little booklet with an essay by Ken Hollings. For economic reasons we couldn’t do anything flash, so I just left it to Ian at Designer’s Republic to decide on the packaging.

Were you tempted to revisit any of the other stuff originally released on your VHS label, Doublevision?

We started Doublevision in 1983. The first release was a long-form video of Cabaret Voltaire – quite a low tech thing done on fairly basic equipment. The second was Johnny YesNo. We also did this thing called TVWipeout, which was like a TV programme that covered art, music and film but without the shitty presenters. It would be impossible to re-issue that. There was so much high-profile material on it because we had signed with Virgin. We got access to an interview with Bowie, some Andy Warhol clips from films, as well as local bands like The Box, who we interviewed and filmed playing live. It would be a copyright nightmare trying to clear it all.

When video first came out in the late 70s, it was 40 or 50 quid for a music video. We did it for 15 quid and still made some money, so in some ways it was quite radical - trying to bring it down a level, rather than it being controlled by Hollywood.

I was watching the BBC documentary Synth Britannia the other day. I thought it was really interesting how you mentioned that some people think the Cabaret Voltaire album Red Mecca was more the soundtrack to the riots in 1981 than the Specials’ ‘Ghost Town’. I was wondering what you thought of the recent riots, because there are a good few parallels.

It is interesting, because 30 years on we are still living in the same fucking situation. We’ve got David Cameron in power, like we had Thatcher coming in in the late 70s. I wouldn’t be surprised if they don’t just close England down, because this country is fucked. Cameron will have blood on his hands this winter. So many old people are going to die because he has not kept a lid on the energy companies. Everything’s being cut down. Hospitals are bad enough, but now they are talking about cutting more jobs, cutting benefits for the old and disabled. I just think, you bunch of callous bastards. They’re all millionaires. They don’t understand what it’s like to be poor. I’m not saying Labour are any better.

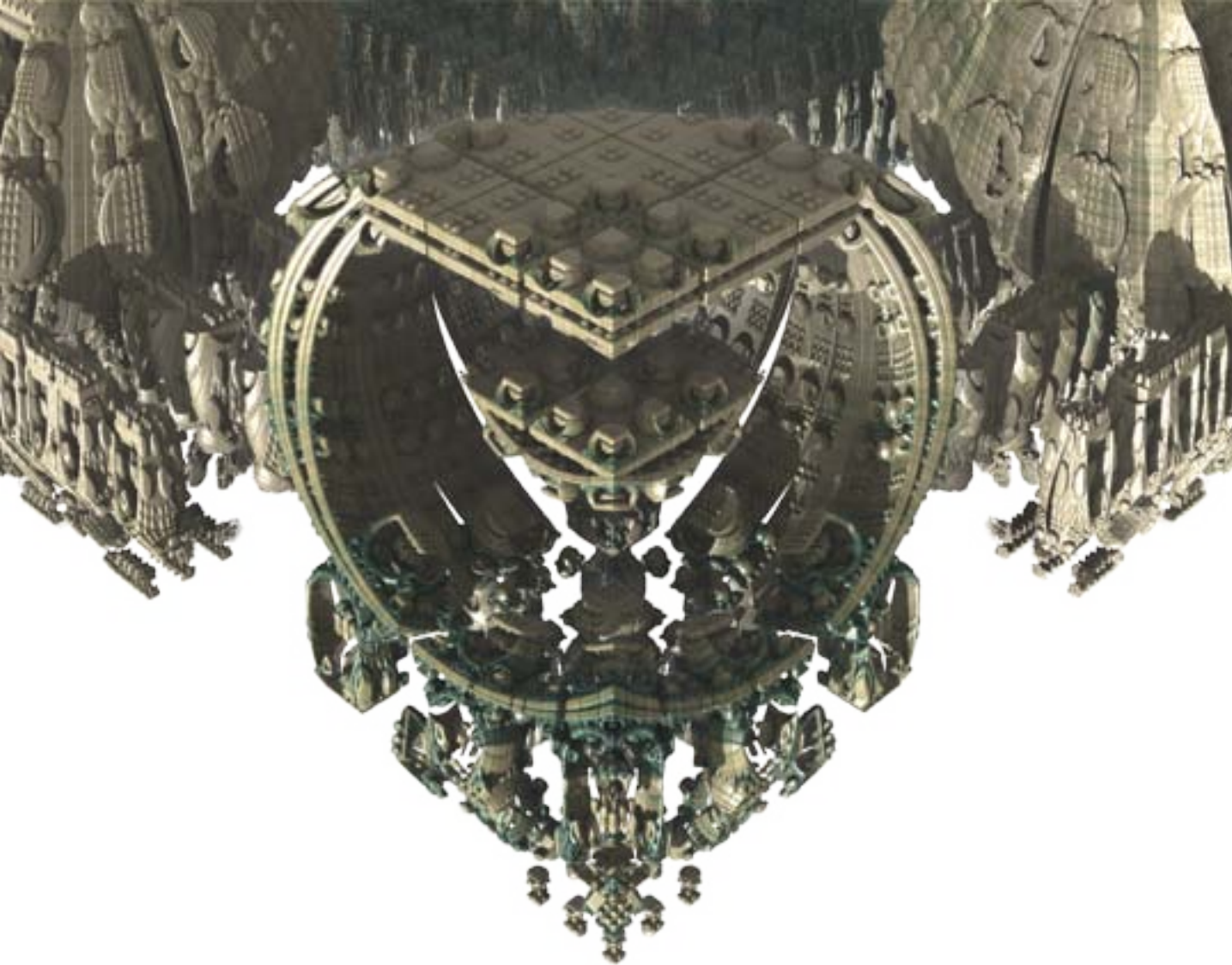
Nicking a load of iPods does not a revolution make, but I definitely see similarities to the 80s. It’s spookily similar.

What prompted you to re-release the Sweet Exorcist material with Warp last month?

Last year, the licence period for Sweet Exorcist with Warp expired. We re-signed it in 1999 for a ten year period. So it was a question of whether we should keep it at Warp or try and find a new home for it. I always thought it should stay with Warp. It was done there and **CCEP** was their first ever album. Basically they said yes, but I thought it would be a bit of a shame if it got re-signed and ended up in the digital graveyard. So after we’d signed it, I said to Steve Beckett, why don’t we just compile everything together, put all the 12 inches on one CD – because a lot of them had never been available on CD – and put the album on a separate CD. He came back to me and asked if I had any unreleased mixes, because it would be nice for fans to get something extra. So I spent about three weeks going through my archives, transferring stuff. Some of the tracks were on tape, some were on an early digital format, some were on Betamax tape, some were on DAT.

So you weren’t tempted to revisit the tracks or get someone else to remix them?

There was a remix of ‘Testone’ that Winston Hazell and Russ Orton did, a sort of ragga/dancehall mix, for the Warp10 thing, so we’d already been there. In actual fact someone at Warp suggested me remixing an LFO track and Mark Bell remixing Sweet Exorcist. I said yes, if you can find Mark Bell and get a response from him, and I think we’re still waiting on that one...



Do you keep up with much of the stuff being released on Warp?

Bits and pieces. If I see something reviewed I might go and have a listen. I don’t keep up with a lot of new music. There’s just so much stuff – you’ve either got to know everything or know nothing and keep ploughing your own furrow. Obviously stuff reaches me because I’m in touch with a lot of people and they make recommendations.

So how do you do live sets these days?

I prefer to play live than DJ, but the problem is that when I play live, whether it’s over here or abroad, I don’t travel with any equipment. So the promoter has to hire me a back line. But that’s going to have to change, because people don’t want to pay that much money. I did a live show in May as part of the Mute Records Short Circuit Festival at the Roundhouse. I got totally screwed over because I need a good sound check, but the problem is everyone else just turned up and plugged their laptops in. Unfortunately, my live set is a bit more complicated, because I’m trying to bring you a scaled down version of what I do in the studio, with live keyboards and some pre-recorded bits.

Do you do many live sets?

I go through periods. I suspect that because I’ve been doing quite a lot of press recently, it’ll ring some bell in some promoter’s head. I don’t really go to clubs any more unless I’m DJing. A person of my age stood in a club usually looks like he’s up to something dodgy. I did a DJ set for the Black Dog last year at the Millennium Gallery. That’s where I feel comfortable now and that’s the direction I’m going to go. I’m even less interested in the rock venue route.

What keeps you in Sheffield? Have you never been tempted to move away?

Yeah, but not to London. I always fancied moving somewhere warm, especially as I’m getting older and the winters are getting colder. I’ve always stayed in Sheffield because I have a lot of family here and I was born here – at the Jessop Hospital opposite our old studio at Western Works – so it’s my ‘hood’. It’s always been a good place to work and reasonably cheap to live. If I hadn’t had the opportunity to travel, with the band and on my own, I might’ve moved away, because it can be pretty grim living in Sheffield. But it’s a good place to come back to and a good place to get things done.

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Sheffield Techno Institute, now run by Ben Dorey and Terry Dragatis, has been providing a consistent techno fix since September 2010

Showcasing local Sheffield talent and bringing a real party atmosphere to the Red House is the name of the game. We caught up with them to ask a few questions about the Sheffield techno scene, what tunes they're listening to and the future of STI.

How did Sheffield Techno Institute start and what were the reasons behind the night?

It was a realisation of hours of late night chats between us and former co-founders Fred Oxby and Dave Pownall. We were playing minimal and modern techno at house parties and always getting an amazing response, often being asked where people could go to listen to that type of music regularly in Sheffield. At the time there were few events where you could listen purely to that kind of music and a large number of local DJs who we knew wanted to play it. And so the idea of a monthly party showcasing the wealth of talent we have in the city was born.

What do you think of the Sheffield music scene?

Music in Sheffield is thriving, despite hard times. Most genres are well represented and turn outs are on the up. Techno has made a big comeback in the city, especially over the last year, with nights like Collect and Drumroll making some really strong bookings recently. Though we may not see the visiting big names as often as Manchester or Leeds, going out in Sheffield has always had a unique feel with the emphasis firmly on having fun rather than being seen in the right places. That is part of the reason we feel our night has developed so well, as we have people from different backgrounds coming down together for some dancing.

Did you have any previous promoting experience or was it a first time deal?

A couple of us had previous experience in promoting, but it was very much a fresh start for all of us. We just wanted to put on the kind of night we would enjoy going to as customers and things went from there.

How was the most recent night?

It went really well. We had a very lively crowd and two of our perennial Sheffield favourites - Gallup and Gusinator - playing incredible sets, with local stalwart Jack Opus treating us to a slick selection of dark minimal to round the night off. There was a lively afterparty too.

What has been your favourite STI moment, something that sums up what people can expect from the night?

Every night we've put on has been enormous fun for us, but if forced to pick standout moments then the STI Summer BBQ in May was especially good. Nine hours of beats, burgers and minimal is a hard recipe to beat in our eyes. The first birthday in September was also particularly memorable, with the Red House bursting at the seams and all DJs killing it on the night, plus a legendary afterparty.

What DJs have impressed you behind the STI decks?

We make most bookings based on the quality of mixes people send us, so as of yet there's been no one who hasn't impressed us. There's a wealth of techno talent in Sheffield and we're still discovering incredible DJs every month.

What tunes are you listening to at the moment?

Ben: Anything by Plastikman has been rinsed in anticipation of seeing him in Manchester this month, and I'm also enjoying the **Omega/Alive** album by Robert Hood. The Shed remix of 'Soulspeak' by Basic Soul Unit has also featured heavily recently, as has The Black Dog's new material.

Terry: I still love listening to anything by Stephan Bodzin. More recently I've been playing tunes from Kanio, Autistic and Sian's recent releases. At home, Marco Carola and lots of last year's Seph album. There's not enough space here to give you a longer list.

Do you have any advice for new promoters?

If you're keen to put on a night, make sure you're aiming for a gap in the market rather than treading on the toes of others and you'll be rewarded. In this city a focus on fun always goes down well too. People are far more likely to return if they don't encounter aloof promoters and DJs who act like they don't give a shit. We also find the provision of as large a rider as is financially feasible gets all those involved into an appropriate mood for our parties.

What do you see for the future of STI - a full scale takeover?

Dominating a corner of Sheffield's clubbing scene is not what we're about. Our emphasis is always going to be on providing quality techno music whilst not losing track of the fact that going out dancing should be fun. There are plans in the pipeline for some special one-off events which will hopefully take the atmosphere of the Red House events larger and later, but they're ultra-secret so you'll have to keep up with us on Facebook to find out what's happening and when.

live

FRI 2ND DEC / NA MUSIC PRESENTS
THE RETROSPECTIVES
RIGHT TURNERS BEWARE + LESS OBVIOUS VIBE EFFECT +
CHARLOTTE CARPENTER

SAT 3RD DEC
WIRE
TALK NORMAL

WED 7TH DEC
HAWKWIND - CHRISTMAS SHOW
LLOYD LANGTON GROUP

THUR 8TH DEC
THE LEMONHEADS
THE SHINING TWINS + MEREDITH SHELDON

FRI 9TH DEC
ALOE BLACC

SAT 10TH DEC / SOUNDCLASH PRESENTS
LANCASHIRE HOTPOTS
XMAS SHINDIGGERY
CLENCH + KIERAN CASSERLY

MON 12TH DEC
DAPPY
COVER DRIVE

WED 14TH DEC
THE SAW DOCTORS

FRI 16TH DEC
PLAYGROUND MAFIA
THE GAZELLES + SEACHING 4 EVIDENCE + STRIPEY JACK +
CULPRITS + ONE WAY



plug

SAT 17TH DEC
JON WINDLE

THU 19TH JAN
MINNY POPS

FRI 10TH FEB
JAMES VINCENT
MCMORROW

SAT 11TH FEB
TOTALLY ENORMOUS
EXTINCT DINOSAURS

WED 15TH FEB
THE SOUTH

SAT 18TH FEB
RIZZLE KICKS

WED 22ND FEB
SBTRKT
DISCLOSURE

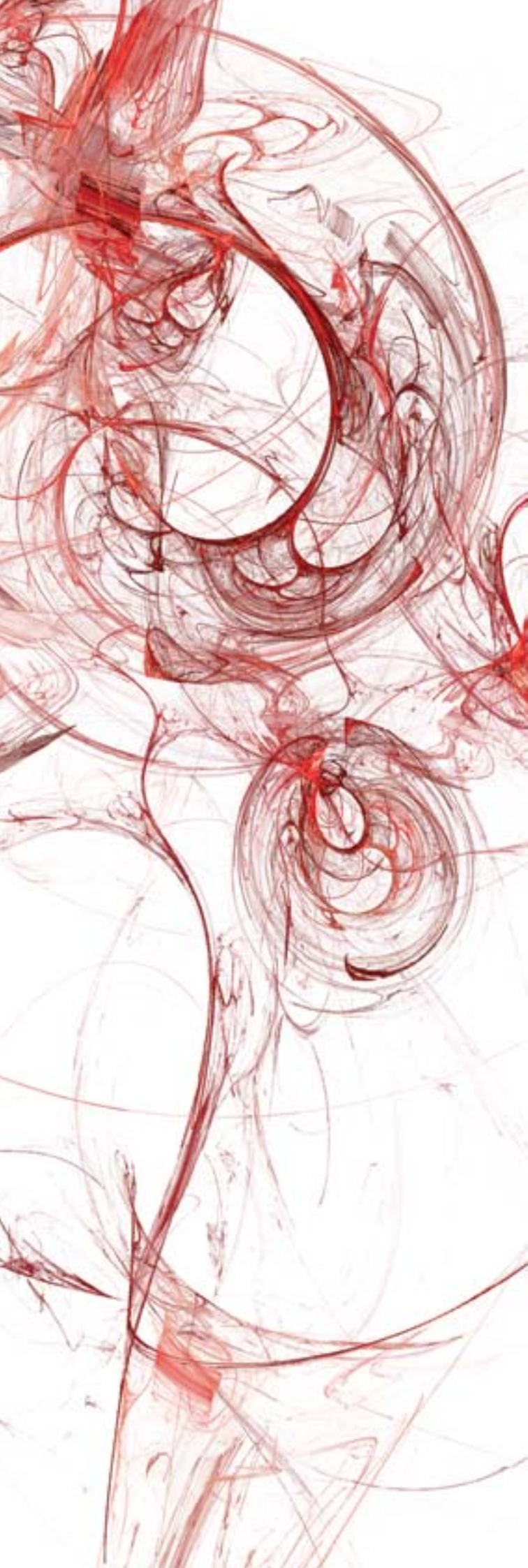
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SAT 10TH MAR
JOHN REILLY BAND

THU 15TH MAR
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FILMREEL.

(IN)VOLUNTARY CIRCUMCISIONS.

This is where I stand on the subject of censorship: every single aspect of the human condition – no matter how dark, difficult or inconvenient – should be allowed to be explored in any medium. Therefore, censorship by third parties should have absolutely no place. It’s unavoidable that some will formulate, express and explore with better intentions than others, but not even the work of those who seek to exploit and/or are devoid of discernment or talent should have to endure such ‘involuntary circumcisions’. Condemnation in such cases should be restricted to the critical realm, where everything that falters in such works can be identified with some sort of lucidity.

No-one has the right to stop someone else’s form of expression from being known to the rest of the world. No-one should be allowed to dictate what can or cannot be said or seen. I’m talking from the perspective of someone who generates artistic work in a specific format, but there’s a flipside that is equally disconcerting; that of the public or audience. We are all, by default, recipients of what is put out there. Taste and interests may vary but, in principle, our right to experience, digest and even be offended by unsavoury or challenging material should be unquestionable.

The problem with the medium of film is very specific, in this instance. It lies, first of all, in its apparent proximity to real life by means of a permanent invitation to suspend disbelief. A film that succeeds in what it set out to express must, above all, convince the viewer. By convincing it may very well influence. Such influence can be on a philosophical level, but also in the ways in which it can appeal to the viewer’s morals and orientations. In the censor’s mind, this is one tiny step away from corrupting, but the way I see it, such a view is more like a giant, patronising, condescending leap that assumes an awful lot about us and, in fact, doesn’t encourage free thinking.

It is very tempting to think of the censor as someone with utter contempt for the efforts of artists, but in this article I’m setting out to present a democratic dissection of censorship. This is why, unlike the old British Board of Film Censors’ practice of ‘cutting things out’, I’m choosing to splice in ‘evidence’ that may very well undermine my most fundamental points...

BBFC EVIDENCE #1

‘We are paid to have dirty minds,’ John Trevelyan, Chief Censor of the British Board of Film Censors between 1958 and 1971, allegedly stated. Whilst he was upfront with the notion that ‘at that particular moment in time’, the British public was not ready to see certain things on screen, he also had no qualms in saying that he was ‘very much interested in the films the artist wants to make’. To the exasperation of many, he would quite candidly express his biases and predilections to do with art cinema, even going as far as to say that he understood that part of the artist’s duty is to shock and provoke, that he knew that ‘the artist is often ahead of their time’ and therefore he would always encourage filmmakers to work in partnership with him. That way, he could continue to simultaneously fulfil the core aspect of his duties: to protect the British public. This paradox would verge on the endearing if a bigger, uncomfortable question didn’t loom over this entire issue: what is it that the British public needs so much protection from? Sex, apparently.

Throughout the years, the BBFC has enabled mainstream cinema to get away with a lot of violence. The problem is always when depictions of sex are thrown into the equation. The grounds on which the Board determines if a film is suitable for consumption vary, but one doesn’t need to look hard to spot sex as a key ingredient. There seems to be a self-perception in British Society which is informed by strict parameters of what is decent. This moral-abiding trait is at the root of the BBFC and other historical moralistic crusaders, with their attempts to dictate what is proper.

Salò, or The 120 Days of Sodom (1975), the last film by the renowned Italian director Pier Paolo Pasolini, was originally submitted to the BBFC by its American distributors, United Artists, in January 1976. In a nutshell, the film is an extreme metaphor of what a totalitarian state can do to its children. It explores such notions through transposing the Marquis de Sade novel to a claustrophobic community where fascist figures of an older generation indulge in the ritualised torture and degradation of a large group of youngsters. Crucial to the impact that the film continues to have is not just its slow-paced realistic depiction of the acts, but the adoption of the Circles of Hell from Dante’s Inferno as its basic structure.

Salò was denied a certificate on the legal grounds of gross indecency. It needs to be clarified that British Law defined gross indecency as ‘anything which an ordinary decent man or woman would find to be shocking, disgusting and revolting’, or, of course, which ‘offended against recognised standards of propriety’. Unlike its cousin law the Obscene Publications Act, which back then could not be applied to films but was also devised to protect the unsuspecting British public, gross indecency eradicated any possibility of defence based on artistic or cultural merit. Even a film’s valid message, based on its whole, could be ignored if any part of it was deemed indecent and therefore illegal.

BBFC EVIDENCE # 2

Salò was to be screened for the first time in Britain at the Old Compton Street cinema club in 1977, where it was viewed by members only, uncut and, crucially, without a BBFC certificate. When the authorities raided the cinema and confiscated the print, the owners, who were then facing legal action under the offence of common law indecency, tried to appeal in an unexpected way. In their defence, they clarified that it was only after the advice of the Secretary of the BBFC James Ferman that they decided to screen the film uncut.

Here’s what actually happened the year before. United Artists simply assumed that cuts, no matter how extensive, would be enough to attain a certificate, but James Ferman stood his ground, arguing that any form of editing would undeniably ‘destroy the film’s purpose by making the horrors less revolting, and therefore more acceptable’. This is an incredible feat on Ferman’s side. He might’ve officially banned the film from having a commercial release for decades, but his actions and intentions were clear when he stated that Salò is ‘one of the most disturbing films ever to be seen by the Board, yet its purpose is deeply serious... it is quite certainly shocking, disgusting and revolting - even in the legal sense - but it is meant to be. It wants us to be appalled at the atrocities of which human nature is capable when absolute power is wielded corruptly’.

This is a very rare case of a censor protecting the vision and ultimate intention of a filmmaker by refusing to excise a single frame from their work. By stepping forward in its defence the following year - approaching the Deputy Director of Public Prosecutions and exposing the legal action as one big embarrassment - Ferman was to make film history. Yet what this most vilified figure of British Cinema would become most known for was his crusade against what were to be labelled ‘video nasties’ in the 1980s.

The advent of home entertainment delivered an onslaught of unregulated violence, gore and sex, which Ferman saw as his mission to curtail. Crowning such titles (at least from the perspective of cultural identity that this article pursues) is **Straw Dogs**, Sam Peckinpah’s 1971 masterpiece about a young couple’s descent into tribal protection of territory in a downward spiral of violence set in rural England. The film was passed and released on the big screen with a number of cuts. It wasn’t till its reincarnation on the videotape format that its content became an issue, leading to an eventual ban. At the centre of the problem was (and still is) the unscripted rape scene in which the wife, played by Susan George, is shown to give in to pleasure. The build-up and context for that scene is meticulously crafted in a way that makes it psychologically coherent, no matter how controversial.

But, while this aspect (if fully understood) might pose some fundamental questions about womanhood and how one should aim to depict sexual violence, I propose that Straw Dogs makes the British uncomfortable by touching an altogether different nerve. Like **A Clockwork Orange** of the same year - which was equally problematic by BBFC standards - Straw Dogs may have been made by an American director, but it is an intensely British film. The key to what Peckinpah’s film expresses is ultimately the ‘discomfort’ a large section of the British people feel around foreigners.

FILMREEL.

(IN)VOLUNTARY CIRCUMCISIONS (CONT.)

Where I say discomfort, some would say suspicion – which in turn is what leads the locals in Straw Dogs to reject the American husband of one of their own. Since those panicky days, Straw Dogs has been re-released uncut on the big screen and is now available on various formats of home entertainment, with a lot of its troubled history included as additional extra material for cinephiles.

There is a 1976 film that was not so much outright banned, but conveniently ignored and was for decades unavailable to buy in the UK. My desire to watch it could only be fulfilled by ordering an overseas Region 1 DVD copy online a few years ago. It’s remarkable how resonant the transposition of the original oriental set-up of Yukio Mishima’s novel becomes when transposed to Britain. **The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea** (1976) is adapted and directed by another American, Lewis John Carlino, and has at its centre (once more) the rejection of ‘those who don’t belong here’. It moves from the private – with the exception a 13 year old boy takes to his widowed mother’s new lover (played by Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson respectively) – to the secret, in the shape of a gang of schoolboys who gear the protagonist’s resentment towards a cruel revenge that, in turn, expresses a disturbing re-balance of things.

If the boy can be seen to be a young Norman Bates (spying on his mother through a hole in the wall, as she seems to summon her future lover through masturbation and later succumbs to his advances with sheer abandonment) and Kristofferson a perfect embodiment of foreign masculinity, the strict hierarchy of the gang of schoolboys with their weariness towards change can only be perceived as an extreme, unsettling metaphor for British society.

What lies beneath the surface of this particular sense of order has become a key element of my own work, with Britain providing the perfect template for my measured approach to filmmaking. It’s the reserve and general emotional containment that fuel my characters’ behaviour as they wander through a modern world which has been carved by force onto the natural one. This is most apparent in my 2006 feature film **Antlers of Reason**. Despite obvious parallels with Carlino, Kubrick and Peckinpah – of me being a foreign director, who came to these Isles to make a quintessentially British film – I’m bringing up this personal example to expose censorship on different grounds and on an altogether different platform.

Soon after its completion, Antlers of Reason attained a limited distribution in cinema clubs across the US. Back then, my views on the exploitation of artistic work were certainly more anarchic, so I also placed the entire film online for free. This promotion was mostly co-ordinated by a Dutch agent I had at the time and she certainly took most of the blow of what ensued. She shielded me against the attacks of a vast number of offended viewers and I’m still to know exactly how their vicious response resulted in such swift ‘disassociation’ by people who were enthusiastically showing support for the film. What I know for a fact, by having seen just a sample of the hate emails sent our way, is that these raised voices were definitely singing the Evangelical Christian tune. In America, it only takes a few of those to be influential enough for you to not stand a chance. The already limited distribution was cancelled, radio shows stopped talking about the film and three online sources were removed.

As a struggling independent filmmaker, my only possible source of an answer was Youtube, but this ‘most democratic of online hosts’ went from being generic in their replies to apologising in a way which seemed to say: ‘Don’t ask any more questions.’ Judging by the content removed, it’s very clear why these specific groups had a problem with the film.

The Antlers of Reason narrative revolves around a progressively destructive affair between a support worker and her client, an inarticulate foreigner on the fringes of society. At a certain point, she’s seen falling asleep whilst waiting for him and her dream portrays a less than consensual sexual encounter between them. As it’s been noted, she’s never seen to wake from her dream, but moments later does get up, clearly bruised inside, on the spot where the ‘rough’ encounter took place and the narrative then proceeds. Shot in black and white, the film touches on a range of ambiguities and is punctuated by moments of physical displacement which add to its unease. What is clear is that hardcore Christians don’t do shades of grey.

At a time when artistic merit and a filmmaker’s reputation seem to reign, one would think that anything goes. See, for example, Lars Von Trier’s half-baked **Antichrist** (2009), whose explicit depictions of sex and violence were to be passed without a single cut by the BBFC simply because... well, it’s a Lars Von Trier film. But just when you think censorship has finally been put to rest in this permissive and unhockable day and age, along comes a certain **Human Centipede 2** (2011)...

The film’s sexual violence and moral obscenity was initially rejected by the BBFC, which banned it outright, but that decision was recently reversed when its UK distributors, Eureka Entertainment, were ordered to remove a total of 2 minutes and 37 seconds. These cuts seem to have been applied to the aspects of the content that most concerned the BBFC: graphic imagery of a character’s teeth being removed with a hammer and the killing of a newborn baby.

It is very clear to read in the director’s own words that these scenes were designed as an invitation to that initial UK ban. It makes for a great marketing calling card, especially when violence and gore have been so easily incorporated into the mainstream via films like the **Saw** and **Hostel** series. He created the perfect bait and the BBFC gobbled it up. There are still ways of seeing the uncut version, but I am choosing to exercise a personal ban on the grounds of lack of time, everything about it looking pretty contrived and the director being called Tom Six.

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES IS A PORTUGUESE FILMMAKER LIVING AND WORKING INDEPENDENTLY IN SHEFFIELD. HIS WORKS INCLUDE MERCY, ANTLERS OF REASON AND AN ARRAY OF MUSIC VIDEOS AND DOCUMENTARIES. VISIT CAPTURAFILMES.BLOGSPOT.COM.

THEATRE.

THE END / 18TH NOVEMBER / LANTERN THEATRE.

REVIEWER - DAN SPEIGHT.

This play, inspired by Shakespeare’s most famous piece of stage direction, sounds like the sort of show that most people would avoid.

In fact, when I explained to my colleagues that I would be spending my Friday night watching a post modern play about endings, one of them said they would “rather eat a jar of bumblebees” and would be spending their evening at the pub. A sizeable part of me wanted to go with them but I keep telling myself I should widen my horizons. So off to the theatre I went, even managing to drag my wife along in tow.

On a warm November night I went to the Lantern Theatre in Nether Edge with a spring in my step and scepticism lodged firmly in my head. I must confess that the small but appealing setting of the unpretentious theatre did help to shift some of my scepticism; this is a superb venue for intimate plays as you can almost smell and feel the performers.

But the foreboding quickly returned when I took my seat and the play had already begun. On stage was a man lying prostrate while another man walked around the stage throwing pieces of card at him, all the while saying “dot”. This unconventional beginning was in many ways an accurate precursor for what was to come.

As many people don’t read the entirety of a review before making their own judgement, I will state now that The End is a really enjoyable hour of theatre that will make you laugh and leave you thinking about it long after the non-existent curtain falls. But it is an eccentric piece that does away with structure while playing out a play within a play. This approach was occasionally confusing and some of the slightly abstract parts were lost on me, but as a whole piece it was a resounding success.

The End is supposedly about endings in general but at the heart of the show is the poignant relationship between the two protagonists Michael and Ollie. In the beginning - if there is one - Michael is Ollie’s mentor and apparent superior, directing the young protégé on stage. The witty interplay between mentor and pupil not only made me laugh out loud (which isn’t difficult), but also made my wife laugh out loud (which is).

I’d love to tell you what happens, but I wouldn’t like to spoil it even if I could. All in all, this was a confusing, original and entertaining evening.



PHOTO : JULIAN HUGHES.



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Certain things are immutable.

For example, when you buy a bottle of Hendo's, your stew ends up better tasting and you support a local business. On the other side of the coin, when you buy gas or broadband, you get poor service and your money disappears to a tax haven. Or Reading. Such is life.

Clearly, the Hendo's way of doing things is preferable, but with no local utility companies to choose from, we're stuck. Right? Wrong!

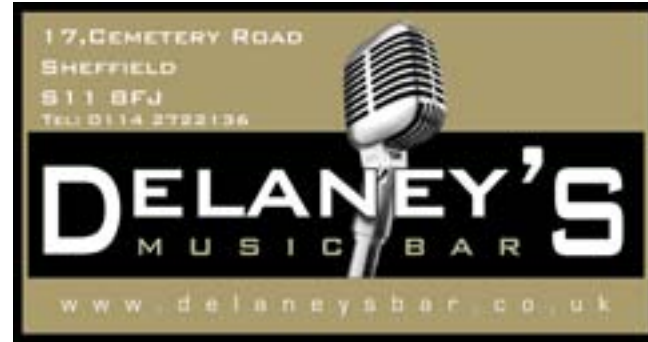
Sheffield's very own Origin Broadband can offer a 40MB fibre optic service with no download limits or anything else that might spoil the net for you. They are young, flexible, focussed on giving the best service available and also the largest provider of broadband on Digital Region. Thumbs right up. They're also going to be the first Digital Region supplier to offer TV as well.

Go to speedtest.net now and check the speed you get with your current supplier. Then call Origin Broadband and see if they can't beat that into a cocked hat.

You see Origin don't live in corporate mega company land. They live in the same South Yorkshire as we do; a county where a smile counts and the rain is often poetic but never torrential.

We at Now Then like the way they do business. A super futuristic service with a personal touch. Beat that, Plusnet!*

*Owned by BT, the bloody liars.



DELANEY'S MUSIC BAR.

17 CEMETERY ROAD, S11 8FL.
07770988112.

Situated at the bottom of Cemetery Road, in what used to be Mojo bar and before that the infamous Dulo, sits Delaney's Music Bar. Thankfully we can say with a confidence founded in attendance that Delaney's is a significant improvement on its predecessor, with a lot of effort having gone into refurbishing the inside and outside. Delaney's feels like a sleek but comfortably warm place to have a beer on the way back from work, or equally a place to spend an evening drinking and listening to music with friends. Also worth a mention are the ales on draught, including the popular Farmers Blonde from Bradfield Brewery.

As the title 'Delaney's Music Bar' suggests, music is very important to new owners Steve and Krysia, who are determined to give the live scene a boost by providing open mic slots for buskers and newbies (strum and fiddle night every Thursday), as well as staple programmed events like Spot Light every Wednesday and full live bands on Fridays and Saturdays. We also have a somewhat vested interest in making people aware of Delaney's, since every other Tuesday Opus and Now Then workaholics are down there spinning tunes, silent films and hosting the soon to be iconic, ironic quiz. The next one is on 13th December.

With the recent addition of Krysia's Kitchen to the venue, a wider range of light bites and tasty warm snacks will be available to fill that hole before dinner. Worth a mention this month are Sharp Cuts on New Year's Eve, tickets include free roast pork sandwich and glass of sparkly on entry. Drop them a call to find out more.

Last but not least, Delaney's are keen to meet promoters and musos all over Sheffield, so if you're interested in finding a venue for an event, get in touch with Steve or Krysia. They often won't charge for hire and are always up for hosting new and exciting ventures.

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

MULEMBAS D'AFRICA.

SHARROW COMMUNITY HALL.
SHEFFIELD UNITED FC, JOHN STREET STAND.
07930209076 / MULEMBASDAFRICA@GMAIL.COM

Born in Angola, Angelina grew up in Portugal and it was there that she started developing her passion for dance. After moving to England, Angelina gained her dance teaching qualification through the International Dance Teaching Association and initiated Mulembas d'Africa - African fusion dance classes. A dancer with Roulement Arts African drumming troupe, Angelina has recently gained her new qualification as a BOKWA dance fitness instructor.

Angelina runs three classes of distinct styles; Kuduru "pure Angolan energy", African Fusion, featuring live musicians, and the dance fitness craze BOKWA, driven by the pulsating beats of African, Latin, pop and house music. A great way to get in shape and currently on offer at four classes for a tenner.

NYE AT YELLOW ARCH.

30-36 BURTON ROAD, S3 8BX.
0114 273 0800

This year a massive collective of Sheffield's finest underground promoters have come together to present one of the most exciting New Year's Eve events the city has seen in recent years. For the first time ever, the whole of Yellow Arch Studios will be transformed into a six room extravaganza of music art and culture.

Collectives including Mad Hatters Ball, Sequoia, Dub Central, Junglist Alliance, Off Me Nut Records, R8 Records, Feedback, The Big Swing, Thirsty Ear, Dark Crystal, Pangea, Tribe of Xanadu and Sheffield Techno Institute will all be involved. With headliners like DJ Youngsta (Rinse/FWD), Brockie (Kool FM) and Kenny Knots (Mungos Hi-Fi), this is going to be a rafter raiser of a night. Don't miss out.

DANNY DORLING.

INJUSTICE.
WHY SOCIAL INEQUALITY PERSISTS.

Danny Dorling's Injustice is an indictment of a state with levels of wage inequality not seen since 1854, when Charles Dickens was writing Hard Times; where 25% of funding for education goes to just 7% of the pupils and an elitist system amounts to "educational apartheid". Elitism is just one of Dorling's five social evils, the others being exclusion, prejudice, greed and despair.

While many authors might rail against injustice, Dorling has an impressive breadth of research to back it up. In the end, the book is optimistic about our capacity to change. As Dorling says: "I'm hardly saying, 'we want a revolution, we want a utopia.' I'm just saying, 'can we be slightly less stupid, and we'll be better off for it.'"

FORUM SHOPS.

127-129 DEVONSHIRE STREET.
FORUMSHEFFIELD.CO.UK/SHOPS
0114 272 0569

With Christmas upon us, we are once again harassed by corporate advertising. Call us cynical, but it doesn't have to be like this. Sheffield enjoys a wealth of independent shops, boutiques and retailers of all varieties. Perhaps the best and most concentrated collection of them can be found in the Forum.

Offering everything from handmade clothing to guitars, urban streetwear and custom tattoos, the discerning shopper can find something for everyone here, whilst supporting the local economy to boot. If you know this excellent emporium but haven't been in a while, it's time for another visit, as there have been some new additions to the family of late. Just remember not to feed the bears...

THREE TUNS.

39 SILVER STREET HEAD.
0114 272 0646.

The Three Tuns pub sits just down from Campo Lane. Since the re-opening of a neighbouring watering hole it is part of a trio of free houses in close proximity, providing the perfect bridge to town from the Kelham Island ale trail.

While being an excellent example of a real ale house that keeps exceptional beers, the Three Tuns is famous for a rather more sinister reason. Built in 1983 on the site of the Old Three Tuns, the pub is said to be haunted by a nun who was believed to have been walled into an alcove alive, supposedly for carnal indiscretions with the priest himself. The dirty hypocrite.

If ghost stories are not for you, rest assured that the public bar is as fine as any you'll find and landlady Fidelma the perfect host, with a good craic to be had every evening.

THE RED DEER.

18 PITT STREET.
0114 272 2890.

Time for an update as to the goings-on at the delightful Red Deer. Though the main roads of town host many and varied excellent drinking establishments – including the ever improving Wick at Both Ends, the Old House and the Forum – this cracking ale house may well have slipped under your radar, despite being less than a hundred yards off West Street.

Landlord Jake and his right hand man Graeme are dedicated to providing the best possible ales from around the country, a great traditional pub atmosphere and, more recently, artistic offerings in the sun trap beer garden. With a spacious function room available to hire and lovely food on offer, the Red Deer is the perfect place for your Christmas party.



END.
YOU HEARD.

FORUM SHOPS

SHEFFIELD'S INDEPENDENT SHOPPING CENTRE
BEAT THE CHAINS AND GET SOMETHING UNIQUE
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Arcaide & The Hantu Workshop - Exclusive street wear and custom printed apparel



Follow Your Dreams Tattoos - Pure custom tattoo studio



Ideology Boutique - Outlet for contemporary & international menswear



Syd & Mallory - Independently hand made & reworked vintage couture



Golden Harvest - Sheffield's premier smoking shop



Dirty Harry's - Outlet for all your music essentials



Don't Feed The Bears - Original t-shirts and jumpers

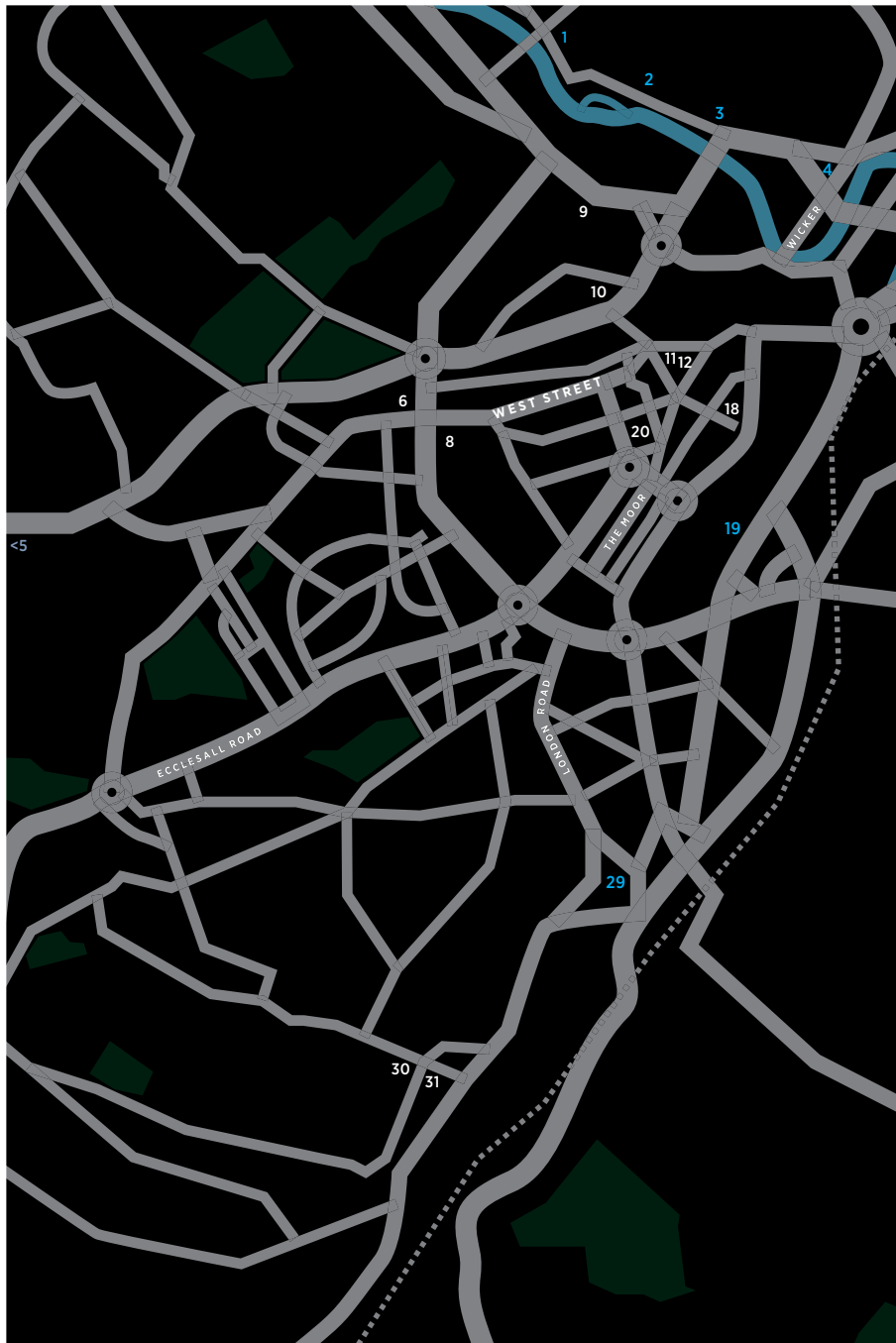


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THE FORUM, DEVONSHIRE STREET, SHEFFIELD

THIS IS YOUR CITY.



KEY.

■ = SHEFFIELD REAL ALE HOUSES & BREWERIES.

1. GARDENERS REST.
2. KELHAM ISLAND TAVERN.
3. THE RIVERSIDE BAR.
4. THE HARLEQUIN.
5. THE RISING SUN.
6. THE HARLEY.
7. THE WICK AT BOTH ENDS.
8. REAL TIME MUSIC.
9. CADS.
10. 3 TUNS.
11. CATHEDRAL ARCHER PROJECT.
12. OCCUPY SHEFFIELD.
13. THE RED DEER.
14. OLD HOUSE.
15. FORUM SHOPS / COMMON ROOM.
16. CORPORATION.
17. THE PLUG.
18. AMERICAN SOUL.
19. THE RUTLAND ARMS.
20. BREZZA.
21. KUJI.
22. THELMA'S CAFE.
23. SHARROW MARROW.
24. PORTER BOOKS.
25. THE VINE.
26. DELANEYS MUSIC BAR.
27. REGATHER.
28. SMART VENUE COFFEE.
29. ABBEYDALE BREWERY.
30. HOMEMADE.
31. THE OLD SWEET SHOP.

